Make 'Em Laugh Again!

BY

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"HOW TO SAY IT"

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MAKE 'EM LAUGH AGAIN!

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by
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INTRODUCTION

Having "made 'em laugh" with a preceding volume, "Make 'Em Laugh!" issued by the same publisher, the compiler of the present collection of humorous stories hopes that it will be as successful as was its predecessor in supplying after-dinner speakers and others with short tales to be brought forward when good fellows get together, around the table or elsewhere.

In "Make 'Em Laugh!" and in the present book, the wording is original, in the main. Endeavor has been made, in the compilation and writing of the two volumes, to tell the stories in their simplest forms, so that they can be retold as they are set down. But if the reader and reteller can add details of his own, from the wealth of his imagination or vocabulary, or can introduce additional characters, and thereby spin out his tale to a length greater than that given here, he will undoubtedly add to his own enjoyment and that of his hearers.

As in the case of "Make 'Em Laugh!" no claim for originality is made in the present instance. Many of these stories have withstood

the test of time, and have entertained more than one generation of hearers. Others are newer, comparatively speaking. The former might be considered as entitled to retirement, were it not that a good jest is ageless; it seems to renew its youth each time it is told. Also, it seems to be a living thing and to enjoy being related.

In the introduction to "Make 'Em Laugh!" it was said that "it would be impossible to trace most of the stories to their original sources, and therefore no acknowledgment can be made save a general one to all the good fellows who, through the ages, have lightened the burden of life by telling funny stories." The same general acknowledgment of indebtedness for the stories in the present volume is made here.

C. N. L.

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MAKE 'EM LAUGH AGAIN!

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ABSENT-MINDED

TOO MUCH NOISE

As an absent-minded man was coming down the stairs in his home, he slipped and fell to the bottom. Picking himself up, he said:

"Now, I wonder what the deuce all that noise was about?"

NOT A GOOD TEST

Lessing, the famous German philosopher, was, like Sir Isaac Newton and many other celebrated men, a victim of absent-mindedness. He had reason, at one time, to suspect a servant of dishonesty. He met a friend and told him that he had laid a trap for the suspect.

"I have placed a handful of gold pieces on the dining room table," he said, "and when I return I shall see whether any of them are gone."

"Of course, you counted the gold pieces before you placed them on the table?" said the friend.

"I never thought of doing that!" answered the philosopher.

ACHES AND PAINS

LIGHT DIET

"Do they give you anything to eat, Rastus?" a colored man in a hospital was asked.

"'Deed, yes!" he answered. "Three times a day dey gives me a little piece of glass to suck."

VICE VERSA

A man in a hospital was quite ill, and the doctor ordered a diet of sherry and egg.

He was asked how he liked it, and said:

"I wouldn't mind it if only the sherry was as old as the egg, and the egg as new as the sherry."

NO CONSTITUTION LEFT

It is related of Rufus Choate, who was one of the great lawyers of the early decades of the United States, that when he was on his last sickbed, he was visited by one of his friends who said to him:

"Well, cheer up, Choate; I believe that your constitution will pull you through."

"Not at all," said Choate; "my constitution was gone long ago, and I am living on my by-laws now."

THE RIGHT NAME

"Well, Mandy, how is your husband?" a colored woman was asked.

"Po'ly, thank you, po'ly," Mandy answered.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's got exclamatory rheumatism."

"You don't mean 'exclamatory,' Mandy; you mean 'inflammatory.' 'Exclamatory' means to cry out.'

"Dat's jest it; dat's jest it! He's got exclamatory rheumatism—all he does is holler out."

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

"Doctor," said a patient, "I am suffering from insomnia. Even the slightest sound near me keeps me awake."

The doctor asked a few questions, and found that the case was not quite as bad as the patient had described it. He did find, however, that the howling of a cat on the back fence was a serious annoyance. He wrote out a prescription.

"Here," he said, "you put that in a cupful of milk, and it will end your trouble."

"How do I take it?" asked the patient.

"Oh, you don't take it; you give it to the cat."

ARMY

NEEDED A START

In the Great War a company of soldiers found themselves under a hot fire, and took refuge in a shell hole. The captain said:

"Boys, I'm afraid we're in a hot place. Fight like the devil until your last cartridges are gone, and then run. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."

FIRST CLAIM

During the War an officer was shocked to find that one of his soldiers was hiding in a shell hole. "Here," he said, "you come out of that!"

The fear of the enemy's bullets overcame the man's discipline. "Nothing doing," he said. "You may be my superior officer, but all the same I found this hole first."

HOW HE WON THE MEDALS

Charles M. Schwab, the famous steel manufacturer, told of a sergeant-major in France

who during the War had his chest adorned by many medals.

"What did you do to earn all those medals?" asked a friend.

The soldier answered:

"Well, you see, that one I got by mistake, and all the others I got because I had that one."

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S COMMENT

General "Phil" Sheridan, the famous cavalry leader of the Civil War, was asked what he thought was the funniest thing he had seen in the war.

"I think," he said, "it was the sight of an Irish trooper trying to ride a balky mule. Somehow or other, the animal had managed to get one of his hind feet caught in the stirrup. The Irishman looked down and saw it.

" 'Well,' he said, 'if you're going to get on, I'll get off!' "

WOODEN SOLDIERS

In the early days of the Great War a sergeant was assigned to drill a bunch of recruits, and found that he had a bunch of the most thick headed men in the whole army. He tried in vain to teach them something, and finally gave it up.

"You can rest now," he said, "while I tell you a story. When I was a little kid I had a box of wooden soldiers to play with. I had them down at the bank of the river one day, and a wind came and blew them all into the water. They floated away, and I began to cry for them. My mother said to me, 'Don't cry; some day those wooden soldiers will come back to you.' And believe me she was *some* prophet!"

LOTS OF ROOM

In the War a corporal had an awkward squad to drill, and among the orders which he gave was "About face!" He watched the men's feet to see that the order was obeyed smartly, and lost his temper when one pair of shoes failed to turn.

"Hey, you!" he yelled at the owner of the shoes. "Why didn't you about face?"

"I did," answered the soldier.

"But you didn't turn your feet."

"I did turn 'em," said the unhappy soldier. "But the pair of shoes they've given me are so big that I turned inside 'em."

WHO'D DO THE FIGHTING?

The late General Nelson A. Miles, who fought in the Civil and Spanish Wars, was a

handsome, dignified man, in many respects a soldier of the old school, and he believed that a proper uniform had a good deal to do with the fighting qualities of a soldier.

He was addressing a bunch of recruits, all togged out in nice, brand-new uniforms, one day, and he said to them:

"That is the way I like to see soldiers, neatly dressed and smart looking. I expect you to do credit to your uniforms and your flag. I expect each of you to act like a major general."

"Say, General," asked one of the men, "who'll do the fighting, in that case?"

NO REWARD WANTED

There was a captain in our Army who made himself so thoroughly disliked by his company that when, one night, on his way back to camp, he fell into a pond and one of his own men saw him fall in, the private hesitated before going to the officer's rescue. However, his humane feelings got the better of his natural dislike of the captain, and he fished the officer out of the pond.

When the captain had recovered his breath a bit, he said:

"Jones, you have saved my life. How can I reward you?"

"Oh, that's all right, captain," said the private.

"But I'd like to do something to show my gratitude."

"Well, if you really want to do something for me, do me a favor and say nothing about it to the company. If the other men heard about it, they'd throw me into the pond!"

NOT MUCH GOOD

After Lee's surrender at Appomattox, many of the discharged Confederate soldiers, having lost everything in the war, were glad to take any employment they could find. Many of them hired out as farm hands.

A Virginia farmer, that Spring, engaged some of the ex-fighters. A friend, calling on him, asked how they were getting along. "Well," said the farmer, "do you see that bunch of men, working over there? They were privates in the war, and they're about as good workers as one could find anywhere."

"How about that bunch over there?" asked the friend, indicating another group of workers.

"They were captains in the war, and they're pretty good men."

"And those over yonder?"

"They were colonels."

"How are they on the farm?"

"Not so darned good. And let me tell you one thing—I ain't going to hire no generals!"

WHAT HE MEANT

During the Boer War, a British colonel established himself in comfortable quarters near a railroad, in a house that had been abandoned by its Dutch owner. Others heard of his good luck, and envied him. Among them was the general traffic manager of the railroad, who, it chanced, held a higher rank in the army than the colonel.

One day the colonel received a telegram:

"G. T. M. wants house."

"Who in blazes is this 'G. T. M.?'" the colonel asked one of his junior officers.

"The letters mean 'general traffic manager,'" said the other man.

"Oh, is that so!" was the colonel's answer. "Well, if he can telegraph me in code, I can answer him in the same way. Just wire him, will you, 'G. T. M. can G. T. H.'"

In a few days the colonel received a peremptory order to appear before a board of inquiry. He was charged with disrespect to a superior officer. "Why did you send an insulting message to the General?" asked the head of the board of inquiry.

"I did nothing of the sort," was the colonel's reply.

"Did you not telegraph him, 'G. T. M. can G. T. H.?'"

"I did," answered the colonel. "But that simply meant, 'General traffic manager can get the house.'"

ART AND ARTISTS

NO PLACE LIKE IT

There was a wealthy amateur who prided himself on his skill in landscape painting, although his canvases were really little more than daubs.

Once he invited a couple of critics to look at his pictures. One of the visitors paused in front of the pictures. "Here's one you ought to call 'Home,'" he said.

"Why?" asked the painter.

"Because there's no place like it," said the critic.

WANTED THE BEST

On an ocean steamer, going to Europe, there was a woman of the newly rich class, accompanied by her daughter. She met a friend, and said:

"I'm taking Elizabeth over to Italy to have her portrait painted. We've looked over the work of many American painters, and we don't like any of them. So we thought we would go to Italy and try some of those old masters we've heard so much about."

JUST FOR A LITTLE PAINT

A rich but ignorant Englishman once went to the famous painter Turner and ordered a painting. When it was finished he refused to pay the price that the painter demanded.

"What," he said, "all that money for a square yard of canvas and a little paint!"

"Oh," replied Turner, "if it's just paint and canvas that you want, here's a half-used tube, and over in the corner you will find some canvas. I won't charge you much for them."

ASHAMED TO LOOK AROUND

There is a Chinese story about an artist who was commissioned by a wealthy man to paint his portrait. The artist was very poor, and the rich man took advantage of that fact to offer him a very small sum for doing the picture. The artist had to accept, but when the portrait was finished it showed only the back of the sitter's head.

"What kind of portrait do you call that?" asked the art patron.

"Well," the artist replied, "I thought that a man who offered me so little as you did for a portrait would be ashamed to show his face."

GETTING EVEN

In an English city, shortly after the War, one of the leading profiteers ordered a portrait of himself, in oil. But when the painting was finished, he refused to take it off the hands of the artist, saying that it did not resemble him in the least.

"All right," said the artist; "just put that objection in writing, will you, and you need not accept the picture."

The sitter sent him a letter giving his reason for the rejection of the picture. Then the artist affixed a little sign to the picture, calling it "Portrait of a Profiteer," and placed it in the show window of the largest art dealer of the city. He got his money for the picture the same day.

CHANGED THE SUBJECT

A gentleman was calling on a young widow with a small daughter, and while the woman

was dressing the little girl entertained the caller.

"I can draw nice pictures," said the little girl. "Would you like me to draw your picture?"

"Certainly, my dear; I should be delighted," said the caller. The little girl went to work with a pencil and paper, but as the picture proceeded she did not seem satisfied with it. Finally she said:

"It doesn't look much like you. I think I'll put a tail on it, and call it a dog."

STILL WAITING

There was once a wealthy man who had a beautiful country home, and wanted a painting of it made. So he commissioned an artist to paint the picture, making it a condition of the order that the owner of the house should be painted standing in the doorway.

Now, the artist was good at painting houses, but not so good at figures, so he painted the house without the man, hoping that the omission would not be noted. But, of course, the man saw that he was not in the picture, and asked why.

"Oh," said the artist, "you have just gone into the house for a moment to make out my check for the painting."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," said the art patron. "Well, suppose you send the painting around to my house, and I'll have it hung. As soon as I come out of the house I'll write your check."

ABSENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR

There was a village artist who thought that he was a great painter, but his neighbors couldn't see it. Their criticisms made him sore. One day he let it be known that he had a new picture, "The Israelites Crossing the Red Sea." When the neighbors assembled to look at it, all they could see was a blank piece of canvas.

"Is this your painting of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea?" they asked.

"Sure," he answered.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed the sea to escape from the Egyptians, and you can't see them."

"But where are the Egyptians?"

"They haven't arrived yet."

"Well, where is the sea?"

"The waters have divided to let the children of Israel pass, and have left only the dry bed. There it is."

BILLIARDS

GOOD BILLIARDS

Two billiard experts found themselves stranded in a small town overnight, and thought they would pass the hours with a game of billiards. They asked the hotel proprietor whether he had a billiard table, and he took them into a side room where there was a decrepit old table. Then he produced some crooked cues, and a box containing three gray objects which he said were billiard balls.

"Call these things billiard balls?" said one of the would-be players. "Why, they're all the same color! How can we tell them apart?"

"Oh, that'll be all right!" said the hotel man. "You'll soon get to know them by their shapes!"

WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS FOOLED

Mark Twain was, to the end of his life, a billiard enthusiast, and delighted in playing with his friends. In his younger years in the West, before he became famous, he had plenty of time for practice, and he became the best player in his town. He eked out his income, in fact, by engaging in games with strangers, for money.

One day a newcomer appeared in town, and drifted into the billiard hall where Mark was playing. After watching the game for a short time, the stranger said:

"Say, when you're finished with that game, I'd like to play you a game."

"All right," said Mark, and they agreed to play a fifty-point game for five dollars. Before beginning, the stranger said, "I've been watching you play; I'll play you left-handed." Mark agreed and they banked the balls for the first shot. The stranger won, and began to play. Before Mark had a chance to use his cue, the other man had run out the fifty points, and he pocketed Mark's five dollars.

"Say, if you play that way left-handed, I'd hate to go against you when you play right-handed!" said Twain.

"Oh, I can't play right-handed," said the stranger. "I'm left-handed."

BOOKS AND WRITING

THE AUTHOR'S PREFERENCE

A successful writer, who produced stories that were trashy but popular and brought him much money, was told by a friend:

"Why don't you write something good, something that will live?"

"Well," said the author, "when it comes to a question of my books living or myself, I must confess that I prefer the latter."

NOT MUCH LOSS

"I have lost an old friend," said an author, meeting an acquaintance.

"Who was that?"

"You know that serial story I am running in the magazine? Well, I have just killed the hero."

"Don't worry," said the other man; "any jury will call it a case of justifiable homicide."

IN BOTH PLACES

A Bostonian and his wife took opposite sides in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, the woman being sure that the plays were written by Shakespeare, while the man was equally sure that they were the work of Bacon.

"When I get to Heaven," said the woman, "I am going to ask Shakespeare whether he really wrote the plays."

"But suppose that he is not in Heaven?" said the husband.

"Then you can ask him, my dear."

SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM

There was a man in Boston who was successful in business, but who had reached middle life before he had time to give any thought to reading. Having heard much about Shakespeare, he bought a set of the plays, and began reading them.

A friend who heard about his literary pursuit asked him:

"Well, do you find Shakespeare any good?"

"Good? Why, man, he's wonderful—he's glorious! I don't believe there are twenty men living in Boston to-day whc could have written those plays!"

TWO KINDS OF POETRY

Among the members of a literary society there was a young woman who prided herself on her poetry, although it was not really very good verse. At the meetings of the society she read some of it, and the members were polite enough to applaud her.

Once she wrote some verses in honor of a national holiday. The ideas were borrowed, and their expression was stilted. One of the audience said to his neighbor:

"Do you know, I think ready-made poetry is very much better than the kind that is made to order."

THOUGHT WELL OF HIMSELF

There is a prominent writer whose books have been very popular, and who, consequently, has a high opinion of himself. He was at dinner recently, and the hostess served him with a dish of fresh mushrooms.

"Are you quite sure, madam," he asked, "that these are mushrooms and not deadly toadstools?"

She assured him that they were quite harmless.

"I was thinking," said he, "of the disastrous consequences to American letters if you should be mistaken."

EACH ONE TO HIS TRADE

There was a famous French novelist who was greatly annoyed by requests to read extracts from his books, and who did not like being lionized. He was a witty man, but he preferred to save his material for his writings. He was invited out to dinner by a society hostess, who seated him next to a great general.

The hostess was displeased on seeing that the writer sat silent during the entire dinner, saying very little to his neighbor, the famous soldier. After the dinner she took the author aside and asked:

"Why did you not tell the general some of the funny stories for which your books are so celebrated?"

"Madam," he replied, "everyone to his trade; I was waiting for him to fire off a cannon."

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

The author of a novel that was one of the "best sellers" of its season found himself in a book store near a pile of copies of the book. There were several prospective buyers about. The clerk did not know the author, and said to him, "Will you have a copy of this book? It is one of the best stories of the year."

Naturally, the writer was gratified, but without telling who he was he said, "Oh, I have read it."

"Did you like it?" asked the clerk.

The author smiled. Then, thinking of the long hours he had spent writing the book, and reading and re-reading the manuscript and the proof, he said, "Well, I have read it five times."

With that the clerk turned to one of the others. "You really should buy a copy of this book," he said. "Here's a man who has read it five times."

BRIDGE

MERE IGNORANCE

Four men were playing bridge. One of them made a bad misplay. After the hand had been played, his partner asked:

"Did you lead that card from strength or from weakness?"

"From neither," the other man answered; "from ignorance."

PLAIN SPEAKING

During a bridge game, four women were discussing another. "I admire Mrs. Smith," said one, "even though she plays a poor game of bridge. What I like especially about her is her plain speaking. She always calls a spade a spade."

"Not always," said another woman. "Sometimes she calls it a club or a heart or a diamond."

A NICE GAME, BUT——

There is a bridge player in New York who thinks he has learned all that there is to know about the game. He sat down one day and embodied his ideas in a little book on the game. When it was printed he sent a copy to one of

the most eminent of the authorities on bridge, for an opinion. He received a letter in reply:

"Dear Sir: I have read your little book with great interest. It seems to be a nice game, but it is not, in my opinion, as good as bridge."

BUSINESS

GOOD REASON

A traveling salesman had occasion to call on a house with which his own had had some differences by mail.

"Why didn't you answer our last letter?" asked the drummer.

"We never got your letter," was the answer. "And, besides, we didn't like some of the things that your boss said in it."

KNEW HIS BUSINESS

A beggar once found his way into the office of one of the big bankers in Wall Street, and annoyed the millionaire very much by the impudent way in which he asked for alms.

"That's no way to ask a man for money," said the banker.

"Say, Mr. Banker, I know my business; you can't learn me how to ask for money," said the beggar.

THE RULING PASSION

A stock broker was forced by illness to take a vacation from his business of buying and selling stocks, and was in the hospital. The nurse was taking his temperature.

"Where is it now, nurse?" he asked.

She answered, "102."

"When it gets to 102½, sell," said the broker.

FOR THE SAKE OF SAFETY

Two merchants were discussing a business deal, and had finally come to an agreement. "Well, that's settled," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "but how about a contract?"

"Contract? What do we want of a contract? You've got my word and I've got yours; that's sufficient, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the first man, "it's sufficient so far as you're concerned and I'm concerned; but what will we have to show to the judge?"

NOT IN THE FIRM

A merchant in a small town hired a new boy to run errands and sweep out the place and do other work of the kind. The lad was a bright boy, and thought that he would make a

hit with his boss by being friendly. The second morning, as the boss entered his store, he was greeted by the boy with:

"Good morning, sir. Nice weather we are having."

The merchant looked at him sourly. "We, we!" he said. "Since when is *your* name on the sign?"

A GOOD TRADE

"My dad had two horses, but he had work for only one," said one country boy to another.

"What did he do?"

"He traded off one of the horses for two loads of hay."

"That's a lot of hay for one horse to eat," said the other lad.

"Oh, the man he got the hay from lent him back the horse to help our horse eat up the hay."

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Two clothing merchants were bragging to each other about their salesman. "One of my men," said one of them, "is the smartest salesman in this city. Why, the other day a man came in for a pair of shoelaces, and before he

left my man had sold him a suit of clothing and an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the other merchant. "Last week we had a woman come in to buy a suit of black clothing to bury her husband in. And before she left my store my salesman had sold her a suit with an extra pair of trousers."

GOOD TIME TO PAY A DEBT

In the days of the stage coach, in the Far West, two business men found themselves together in a coach. One of them owed the other fifty dollars, and the creditor asked for his money. The other pleaded lack of cash and consequent inability to pay.

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the passengers heard the old cry, "Hands up!" Then the stage robber called, "All out, quick! Line up on the side of the road!"

The fellow who owed the money did a little quick thinking. "Hey, Jones," he said, "here's the fifty I owe you."

THEY WERE HIS PROPERTY

A wealthy but very "tight" merchant had a warehouse near a river front, and was greatly bothered by rats which ate his stock. So he engaged an exterminator to rid the place of

the animals, and the exterminator made a good job of it.

When it came to paying the agreed price, however, the merchant "kicked." The other man said:

"You got rid of the rats, didn't you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but don't I get something off for the rats?"

A DIFFERENT ENTRY

A country storekeeper who could not write had his own method of keeping accounts.

"Say, Jed," he said one day to one of his customers, "don't forget that you owe me for that cheese you took a few months ago without payin'."

"I ain't never took no cheese from you," said the other man. "Must have been some other feller."

"Wait a minute," said the storekeeper, "I'll take another look at the book. That's right, Jed. You don't owe me for no cheese. 'Twas a grindstone you took. I didn't see the dot in the middle of the pictur'."

HELPING ALONG

A merchant lost his store, that had been heavily insured, in a fire. He was talking it over with a friend.

"How did it happen?" asked the friend.

"Well," said the merchant, "some rats got among matches that I had in the cellar, and gnawed them until they lit and set the place afire."

"How do you know that happened? You didn't see the rats gnaw the matches, did you?"

"No, not exactly; but I was afraid they would do it when I stuck the matches into a piece of limburger cheese before I put it in the cellar."

NERVE

In answer to an advertisement offering razors for fifty cents, a mail order house received a letter:

"Gentlemen: Please send me one of your razors, for which I am inclosing fifty cents. P. S. I forgot to inclose the half dollar, but no doubt a house of your size will send the razor, anyway."

The reply came:

"We are in receipt of your valued order for one of our fifty-cent razors, and take pleasure in sending the razor. P. S. We forgot to inclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your cheek will not need it, anyway."

TOP DOWN OR BOTTOM UP?

A lecturer on "Success" was giving his views on the way to get along in business.

"The best advice I can give any young man starting out in the business world," he said, "is always to remember that one has to begin at the bottom in order to reach the top."

He was interrupted by a young fellow in the audience. "That's not the way I'm going to succeed in my line," said he.

"It's true in every line," said the lecturer. "What business are you going into?"

"I'm going to dig oil wells," said the young man.

"Well, even in that line it holds true," replied the lecturer. "The oil starts from the bottom."

TOO MUCH RISK

A wealthy man once found himself stranded in the country, far from the railroad station, and it was necessary for him to catch a train. He was hurrying along the road, when he was overtaken by a farmer driving a wagon loaded with hay.

The rich man stopped him, and asked him where he was going with the hay. "To town, to sell it," said the farmer. "How much do

you expect to get for it?" asked the city man. "Ten dollars," was the answer.

"I'll give you twenty dollars to dump the load of hay at the roadside here and drive me in a hurry to town, to catch my train," said the man. The farmer said, "All right," and got down off his seat. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"Can't do it," he said. "Someone might come along and steal the hay."

WOULD NEED A RECEIPT

Years ago there was an Indian agent on the plains—a white man who represented the Government in its dealings with the red man—who also acted as a justice of the peace. He had before him one day an Indian charged with drinking too much firewater, and he imposed a fine. The Indian paid the money, and asked for a receipt.

"Why do you want a receipt?" asked the agent. "I won't ask you to pay the money again."

"No," said the Indian. "But by and by Indian die, and go to the Great Spirit. He say to Indian, 'What wrong you do on earth?' and Indian say, 'Drink too much firewater; have to pay fine.' Then the Great Spirit say, 'Where is your receipt to show you paid the fine?' Too

much trouble then to hunt all over hell for Indian agent, to ask for receipt."

HOW MUCH FOR THE ROPE?

There was a "boom" town in a Western mining region that "petered out," and the town died a lingering death with it. Finally, there were only two men left in the district, a rancher and the proprietor of the hotel. The latter hung on, hoping against hope that the place would revive.

Once in a while the rancher drove in to town to keep the lonesome innkeeper company. When the latter had no guests—as was usually the case—the rancher took him out for a drive. They were driving along in silence, when the innkeeper happened to look back into the wagon, and saw a rope coiled up. That gave him an idea.

"Say, Jake," he said, "I'm tired of this here life. Let me take the rope, and I'll go over to those cottonwoods and hang myself."

"Can't do it, Bill," said the other man. "Fact is, I was thinkin' of usin' the rope for that same purpose, myself."

They drove a little further, in silence. Then the innkeeper spoke again:

"Say, Jake, what'll you take for a half interest in that there rope?"

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

To illustrate the theory that there is no really indispensable man, the story is told of an old German who hired as an office boy a very bright lad, and showed his appreciation of the lad's work by advancing him first to clerk, then to head clerk, and eventually to manager of the business. Within a short time all the details of the business were in the hands of the former office boy, and there was little left for the proprietor to do.

Of course, with each raise in position the young man's salary was raised. However, within a very short time after his promotion to the managership, he went to the old German and asked for another raise. The "boss" said:

"Vy, Chon, I just raised your pay a few veeks ago!"

"Yes, I know that, Mr. Schmidt," said the manager, "but I think that I am worth more money. I handle all the details of the business, I know your accounts thoroughly, I have charge of the manufacturing end—in fact, I do about everything around here, and you are relieved of all trouble in connection with the business. I am sure you could not get anyone to do as much as I do. In fact, I run the whole works."

"Dot's the truth, Chon—I know it. But

say, Chon, vat vould I do if you vas to die?"

"Oh, well," said John, "in that case I guess you would have to run the business yourself."

The old German puffed at his pipe for a moment, and then said:

"Vell, Chon, I guess you better consider yourself dead!"

WORTH THE MONEY

In a railroad train that was going toward a big city there was a party of business men. With them was a man who announced that he was a mind reader. He said:

"I will bet ten dollars with any man in this party that I can tell him what he is thinking about."

"I'll take that bet," said one of the business men.

The mind reader gazed intently into his eyes for a few seconds, and then said:

"You are thinking of going to the city, buying $10,000 worth of goods, then going home, declaring yourself a bankrupt, and settling with your creditors at ten cents on the dollar."

The merchant did not answer, but reached into his pocket and handed over the ten dollars.

"Ah," said the mind reader, "then I read your mind correctly?"

"You did not," answered the business man. "But the idea is worth ten dollars."

CHILDREN

NOT AMBITIOUS

"My son," said a father to his boy in college, "see that you study well, and I have hopes that in time you will become a famous man."

"Oh, what's the use?" said the young fellow. "There are too many monuments in this town already."

RUNNING WATER

"Grandpa," said a little girl, "I've just come from the kitchen, and I saw something running across the floor without any legs. What do you think it was?"

"I cannot guess, my dear," said the grandfather.

"Water, grandpa."

WANTED TO FIND OUT

"Say, son," said a man to his youngster, "let up on that pudding. If you eat any more of it, you'll see the bogey man to-night, sure."

"That's O. K. with me, dad," replied the

boy. "Pass me some more of the pudding. I always wanted to find out how much truth there is in that bogey man story, anyway."

THE PROPER WAY

There was company for luncheon, and mother was much mortified when her little girl scratched the side of her nose with her spoon.

"Why, Dorothy," she said, "you know that you should never do that!"

"Oh, mother, should I have used my fork instead?" asked the little girl.

FRANKNESS

Little Willie brought his best friend home from school, to spend the afternoon, and Willie's mother gave the friend a hearty welcome.

"I'm always glad to see Willie's friends," she said, "and I hope that you will feel quite at home."

"Oh, I don't want to feel at home," the visitor said. "I want to enjoy myself!"

NOT CATCHING

Grandpa called to see his little granddaughter, and took her on his lap.

"Grandpa," she said, "ain't you 'fraid to have me sit on your lap this way?"

"Why, no, my dear; why should I be afraid?"

" 'Cause all my dollies have the measles."

A BROTHERLY FEELING

The teacher was trying to impress on his class the lesson that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and he spoke long on the beauty of kindness to the dumb beasts in our power.

"Now," he asked, "suppose I were walking along the street, and stopped a man from beating a donkey, what would that illustrate?"

One boy spoke up. "Brotherly love," he said.

CALLING DOWN A BLESSING

A little girl was delighted by the arrival of a baby brother, and asked, "Mamma, where did he come from?"

"From heaven, my dear," replied the mother.

The next day the little girl was seen in the garden, holding out her little skirt. She had her face up to the sky, and was saying:

"Please, God, throw one down for me, too!"

Make 'Em Laugh Again!

EMBARRASSING FOR MOTHER

In a toy shop, a mother was trying to select something for her little boy. After showing her various objects, the salesman brought out a mechanical mouse, which ran about the floor in a very realistic manner after it had been wound up.

"We don't want any of those, mother," said the boy. "We've got plenty of them at home, and they don't have to be wound up."

REVENGE!

After a very bad night with the toothache, a boy went to the dentist to have the tooth, a big fellow, extracted. After the operation, he said to the dentist:

"Say, doctor, can I have that tooth?"

"Sure; what do you want it for?"

"I'm going to take it home, fill it full of sugar, and sit and watch it ache."

NOT PLAYING FAIR

The mother heard sounds of quarreling in the back yard, and looked out and saw her little boy slapping his sister. She scolded him, saying, "Don't you know you must never strike your sister?"

"She wasn't playing fair, mother," said the boy.

"How was that?"

"We were playing 'Adam and Eve,' and she refused to tempt me with the apple; she ate it all herself."

HAVING A GOOD TIME

After repeated scoldings, the boy had learned how to eat in civilized fashion, and his parents were beginning to think that in time he would do credit to their teaching. But they almost gave it up in despair when one day their son had company, a boy of his own age, and thought that there was no one else at home.

"Say, Bob," said the boy, "there's nobody home but us. There's some swell eats in the kitchen. Let's go in there and eat like pigs and enjoy ourselves."

A WISE KID

Hearing a noise in his orchard, a farmer investigated, and found a boy stealing apples. The boy saw him, and climbed up into a tree where the farmer could not follow him.

The farmer saw that his only chance was to induce the lad to come down willingly, and adopted a friendly tone. "Come down, my

son," he said. "I only want to tell you something."

But the "kid" was wise. "No," he said; "little boys like me mustn't know everything."

COULDN'T PRONOUNCE IT

Little children like to be sent on errands, as it makes them feel grown up. Five-year-old Mabel was no exception, and she got along very well except when she was sent for vinegar. She could never pronounce the word. One day mother needed some vinegar, and sent the little girl to the grocer's.

At the shop she said: "I want some—some—" but the word would not come. So she gave the bottle to the grocer and said:

"Here, smell the bottle and give me a quart."

PRAYERS NEEDED

There was a young boy, who like the one in Riley's poem about the Gobble-uns, "wouldn't say his prayers." His mother remonstrated with him. "Surely," she said, "you ought to say your prayers, to give thanks for all the good things you have. Think of all the little boys without comfortable homes, or nice cloth-

thing, or good food, or fathers and mothers to take care of them."

"I do think of them," said the boy, "and it seems to me that they're the ones who ought to say their prayers."

COUNTERFEIT PREFERRED

"Here, son," said a visitor to the home of a little boy, "is a dime for you."

"Thank you," said the little boy. "Is it a good one?"

"Why, of course; you don't think I would give you a bad dime, do you?"

"But I'd rather have a bad one," said the lad. "If it's a good one they'll take it away from me, and put it in my bank. But if it's a bad one they'll let me keep it, and maybe I can spend it."

NICE FOR THE PIGS

During a very hot spell a number of city boys from the slums were taken for a short vacation to a farm. Naturally, everything was new and strange to them, and they showed the greatest interest in country life.

One of them wandered a little distance, and came to a windmill, with the sails going. At

its base was a litter of pigs, wallowing in the mud.

"Hey, fellers!" he called out. "Come here! They got electric fans to keep the pigs cool!"

BAD DEVIL!

"Those currants are not good for you," said a mother to her little girl, "and you mustn't touch them." But the little girl was tempted beyond her power of resistance, and her stained lips told her mother that she had been indulging in the forbidden fruit.

"When Satan tempted you to eat those currants, why didn't you say, as the minister has taught you, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" asked the mother.

"I did, mother," said the little girl, "and he got right behind me and pushed me into the bushes."

TEXT FOR A CONTRIBUTION

"Some years ago," said the superintendent of a Sunday school, "I had the idea of having each one of my boys and girls recite an appropriate text as he or she dropped a contribution into the box. The first boy said, as he put in his mite, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

"The second one said, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' The third one re-

cited, 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins,' and there were several others, until we reached one lad who said:

"'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

RIGHT ANSWER

As is usual, the parents of a bright little boy were having him "show off" to a visitor.

"I suppose he has learned his letters?" said the visitor.

"Oh, yes."

"What is the first letter of the alphabet, Bobby?" the visitor inquired.

"A," said Bobby.

"Very good; and what comes after A?"

"All the rest of them," was Bobby's reply.

WHAT HE SMELT

A little boy was sent on an errand to a neighbor who was stingy and wouldn't give a little boy a cooky or an apple or anything. The lad had reason to suspect that there were apples in the house, for there was a plate full of apple parings on the table.

At last he said:

"I smell apples."

"You smell those apple parings on the table," said the stingy woman.

"No, ma'am," said the boy; "I smell whole apples."

DIDN'T BELIEVE IT

One of the famous fairy tales of Jacob Grimm ends with the words, "Whoever does not believe this story owes me a thaler."

A short time after the book was published, there was a ring at the door-bell of the author, and the servant answered the bell to find a little girl standing on the steps.

"Please," she asked, "is Mr. Grimm at home?"

"Yes," said the servant and showed the child in. When Mr. Grimm appeared, she said:

"I have come to pay you a thaler. I do not believe that story about the wolf."

UNDUE INTERFERENCE

Mother had been very stern with a little girl who had nagged her all day for candy, after the doctor had ordered the supply cut off for a time. So, when the little girl knelt down that evening to say her prayers, she said:

"And please, Lord, forgive mother for being cross with me, and also please send me some candy tomorrow."

"Why, Bessie," said the mother, "you know you should not ask the Lord for something that is not good for you."

"Mother," said the little girl, "do you think it is right for you to interfere between me and the Lord?"

NOT TOO MUCH FOR HIM

A young boy's parents had paid a visit to the home of a neighbor one evening, and the neighbor thought, naturally, when she answered the doorbell the next morning and found the boy at the door, that his parents had forgotten something.

"Please, Mrs. Brown," said the boy, "may I look at your dining room rug?"

The woman was astonished but said, "Why, of course, Bobby; come right in."

The lad gazed at the rug for several minutes. Then he turned to its owner:

"It doesn't make *me* sick," he said.

WHISTLING NOT MUCH GOOD

A man and his little boy were riding on a railroad train. The lad, in spite of warnings from his father, persisted in poking his head out of the window. The father decided to teach him a lesson and when his head was out

of the window snatched off the boy's cap and hid it.

"There!" he said. "The wind has blown away your cap."

This frightened the lad, and he commenced to cry.

"Don't cry," said the father. "I'll whistle and bring it back to you." He whistled, and at the same time restored the cap to the boy's head. "There you are," he said; "now, don't put your head out of the window again."

For a short time the boy sat quiet. Then he took his cap off his head and threw it out of the window.

"Whistle, again, papa," he said.

WHERE THE BONES WENT

In a school in one of the poorer districts of a big city, the teacher was explaining some of the wonders of modern industry. She told the class how, by up-to-date processes, every part of an animal is utilized—the flesh for food, the hide for leather, the bones for buttons, and so on.

Later she said:

"Now, boys, I have told you how use is made of every part of a food animal. Johnny, what do we do with the flesh of the animal?"

"We eat it," said Johnny.

"And, Tommy, what do we do with the bones?"

"We chuck 'em under the table," said Tommy.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

"MISTAKEN SOULS"

"I have an announcement to make this morning," said the minister. "If any of you are contemplating matrimony, you will please present yourselves to me immediately after the singing of the hymn, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven.'"

MORE IMPORTANT

"My father," said the young woman to an admirer, "is a very good business man. When he was quite young he managed to make a large fortune. Would you like to hear how he did it?"

"Certainly," said the young man, "but tell me first, has he still got it?"

MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM

A young woman was trying to get a young man to propose to her, and said to him:

"My father made a hundred thousand dollars last year."

"Honest!" exclaimed the young man.

"You should worry!" said she.

"LOVE AND KISSES"

Visiting a class of girls in high school, the superintendent was testing their knowledge of Roman numbers. He wrote on the board "LXXX," and asked:

"Now, can you tell me what that represents?"

With one voice the class answered:

"Love and kisses!"

LOTS OF FAULTS

After a wedding ceremony, one of the friends of the bridegroom took him aside and whispered in his ear:

"Say, what in the world did you want to marry her for, except for her money? She's cross-eyed and hunchbacked and bow-legged."

"You needn't whisper," said the bridegroom. "She's deaf, too!"

SAVING UP THE SURPRISE

After the return of a young bridal couple from their honeymoon, the new father-in-law said to the bridegroom:

"I'm glad to note, Tom, that you did not ask me for help in furnishing your new home."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the young man. "The first installment on the furniture isn't due until next month."

NATURALLY

Some young men were discussing matrimony. Some of them argued the advantages of marrying for love alone, while others said that feathering one's nest well was the main thing.

One of the former group asked one of the latter:

"You wouldn't marry a girl just for her money, would you?"

"No," said the other fellow, "but I wouldn't have the heart to let her die an old maid just because she had money, either."

THE ONLY TIME

A clergyman in the East End of London answered a ring at his front door bell, and saw standing on the steps a man evidently the worse for liquor, and a young woman. She said to the minister:

"Please, sir, we've come to be married."

"I can't marry you with the man in that

condition," said the clergyman. "Besides, haven't you been here twice before, and haven't I told you the same thing?"

"Yes, sir, you 'ave," replied the woman. "But when Halfred ain't drunk I can't get him to come, sir."

HER PREFERENCE

There was a man along in years who was very selfish—so much so that he wished to keep his daughter at his side forever, to minister to his wants. In order to discourage her from contemplating matrimony he handed her a New Testament, with the corner of a page turned down, and the following passage marked:

"He who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth not in marriage doeth better."

But the young lady handed the book back with the remark:

"Dear father, I am content to do well; let those who wish do better."

LOVE IS PATIENT

Every man who has been kept waiting while a woman finishes dressing can appreciate the feelings of a young fellow who was to take his sweetheart to the theater and waited for what seemed to him a very long time.

Finally, fearing that they would be late for the curtain, he called to her:

"Hurry, Mary, or we'll be late for the play!"

She did not like to be hurried, and called back:

"Haven't I been telling you for the past hour that I'll be ready in five minutes?"

WHY THE LOVER LEAPED

All over the country there are places named "Lover's Leap," with romantic stories of despairing lovers putting an end to their lives by jumping from high rocks and mountains. At one of them a guide was explaining the legends of the site to a party of tourists.

"Tell me," said a young woman, "why do they call this 'Lover's Leap'?"

"I don't rightly remember, miss," said the guide, "but I've been told that there was an old maid Indian lady who proposed to a young man here, and he gave one yell of despair and jumped off."

NOT THAT KIND OF MOON

There was a man, young and handsome, who married an old and homely woman—for her money, of course.

They were on their bridal trip, and the bridegroom had escaped for a few minutes from his bride, and was seated in the smoking car of a train. There he met a friend.

"Well, well, Jim," said the friend. "I heard that you had married that rich Mrs. Smythe. I congratulate you. I suppose you are on your honeymoon now."

The bridegroom sighed. "Some folks might call it a honeymoon," he answered, "but it's more like a harvest moon for me."

SHE ALWAYS READ THAT WAY

There was a servant girl who could not read, but who was so constant an attendant at the church services that she knew them all by heart. She always had her prayer book with her, and the young man to whom she was engaged thought that she was the most devout girl in the world.

They were in church together one Sunday. He had forgotten his prayer book, and asked permission to look into hers. She handed it to him, and he was astonished to find that she had it upside down. "My dear," he said, "you have your book upside down."

"I know it," she replied, "but that's the way I always read it. You know, I'm left-handed."

A SOLEMN VOW

A pair of lovers was standing in the moonlight, looking up at the sky.

"Mary," said the young man, "I love you! I swear that I love you. I swear it by yon bright moon that shines so brilliantly in the summer sky!"

"Oh, John," said the young lady, "do not swear by the moon, the fickle moon, that changes every month. Swear that you love me —but swear it by something that is dear to you, something that you cannot live without!"

"Mary," he answered, "I love you! I swear it—by my salary!"

ONE WAY OUT

There is in England a very wealthy young nobleman, who is a good "catch" in every way, and many a society mamma has laid her plans to land him for her daughter. But so far he has escaped from the net.

Not long ago he was a guest at a house party, and he paid a little more attention than usual to a fair young society girl. The next day the girl's mother took him aside, and said to him:

"Oh, Lord Soandso, I am deeply distressed!

There is a report going around that you and my Bess are engaged. What shall I say?"

"Just tell them that she has refused me," said the shrewd young lord.

PLEASANT FOR THE BRIDE

A traveling salesman used to stop on his business rounds at a hotel that was famous for its honey, and the drummer was very fond of it. He had it at every meal of which he partook at the hotel.

Just before one of his trips, the drummer was married, and he took his bride with him. They stayed at the hotel that was famous for its honey, but the first morning when they came down to breakfast, there was no honey at the table. The drummer called the waiter, and asked:

"Where's my honey this morning?"

"Oh, she doesn't work here any more," said the waiter.

FOOLED HIMSELF

A professor of geology was in his studio one day, when a man entered with a great air of secrecy. He had a small bag in his hand. "Professor," he said, "are we alone?"

"Yes," said the professor, "but if you have anything important to tell me alone, perhaps you had better lock the door."

The stranger did so and then opened the bag. "Professor," he said, "will you please look at that, and tell me how much all this gold is worth."

The professor took a look at the "gold," and said:

"Why, that isn't gold at all; it's iron pyrites, and it is worth very little." He took some of the mineral, placed it on a fire shovel and held it over the fire. It went up the chimney in smoke.

"Goshalmighty!" said the visitor. "And I just married a widow woman with eight children because she's got a whole hill full of that!"

VERY SEDATE

A mother wished her daughter, who was an only child, to have the advantages of a strict bringing up, and entrusted the girl to the care of a boarding school of very high reputation. After the girl had been there for a time, the mother visited the school, and was greatly pleased by the demure conduct of her daughter and her advance in her studies. She expressed her pleasure to the principal.

"We are very proud of Elizabeth," said the principal. "And you—you must also be proud of your large and devoted family."

"My large and devoted family?" repeated the puzzled mother.

"Yes," the principal replied. "No fewer than seven of Elizabeth's brothers have called to take her out during the past month, and she is expecting another one tomorrow."

NO REPETITION OF HISTORY

There was a general in the United States Army who had a most beautiful young daughter, and many young officers fell in love with her and sought her hand, as well as some older ones.

The young lady bestowed her affections on a young lieutenant fresh from West Point, who made up in "nerve" what he lacked in worldly goods. He went to the general and asked for his daughter's hand. The general became very indignant.

"What," he said, "my daughter marry a penniless young lieutenant! Never with my consent, sir!"

"But, general," said the young officer, "I have heard that you yourself were only a poor

young captain when you wooed and won your wife."

"You have been correctly informed, sir," answered the general. "And for the first ten years of my married life I lived on my father-in-law. But I'll be hanged if you are going to do so!"

"DITTO"

Said a young man to his sweetheart:

"I love you with all my heart!"

And she answered, "Ditto."

Now, this young man was not well educated. He did not know what "ditto" meant, and it puzzled him. But he did not wish to show his ignorance, and he said nothing at the time. The next morning, at his office, he said to a fellow clerk, "Say, Bill, what does 'ditto' mean?"

"What" the other fellow answered, "you don't know what 'ditto' means? Come here, and I'll illustrate the meaning of the word for you."

He took him to a window that looked out on a cabbage patch. "Do you see that head of cabbage there? Well, that's one head. And do you see the one right next to it? Well, that's ditto."

"Is that so!" said the lover. "Well, I'm through with that girl. She can't call me a head of cabbage and get away with it!"

IT DIDN'T WORK

There were four sisters of marriageable age in a family, and when an eligible young man began to call pretty regularly, each of the four hoped that she would be the chosen one. Three of them waited patiently, while the fourth put on her thinking cap.

One evening when the young man appeared, she met him with her sleeves rolled up and her pretty arms covered with flour to the elbows. She blushed, and said:

"Oh, you must excuse my appearance! You see, mother has not been feeling well, and I've been baking bread and cake all afternoon, besides preparing dinner for the family."

"Oh, indeed!" he said, and seemed greatly impressed. Then he added earnestly:

"Bessie, there's a question I'd like to ask you; my future happiness depends on your answer."

"Yes, yes, George," she said. "What is it?"

"Well, I've been thinking of proposing to your sister Dora, and I wonder if you'd come and live with us?"

DOCTORS

A THREAT FOR THE DOCTOR

When a very busy man had occasion to call on his doctor, he was vexed and impatient upon finding the waiting room well filled. He waited several minutes, and then said to the nurse in attendance:

"Say, nurse, will you go in and tell the doctor that if he won't see me in five minutes I'm going to get well without his help."

HIS PRESCRIPTION

In a medical school, a student was having a hard time with his examination. It contained many questions that were too difficult for him.

He was asked, "How would you induce a copious perspiration?"

He wrote, "I would have the patient take the medical examination in this college."

STILL SANE

A doctor was making his morning rounds in a hospital, and stopped at the bedside of a man whose mind had shown signs of wandering the night before.

"Well, nurse, how is the patient to-day?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, much better, doctor," said the nurse. "His mind is perfectly clear this morning. He refuses to take his medicine."

DOCTORS AND SOLDIERS ALIKE

The late General Nelson A. Miles, veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, was seated at dinner next to a physician, and was entertaining the medical man with some reminiscences of the Civil War.

"Tell me, General Miles," said the doctor, "how did you feel the first time that you killed a man, professionally?"

"Oh, I dare say I didn't mind it any more than one of you doctors would," answered the general.

A COSTLY END

When Oscar Wilde was stricken with his last illness, in Paris, he consulted a physician, who told him that a serious operation was imperatively needed. But the fee asked was far beyond the means of the writer.

The doctor insisted that without the operation the life of Wilde would be in great peril.

"Well, then," said Wilde, "I shall have to die beyond my means."

NOT A CHEESE

A group of doctors was assembled around the bedside of a very sick man. They were discussing the possibilities of the case, including an operation.

One of them said, "I think we ought to let him become stronger before we cut into him," and the others agreed.

Then the patient expressed his opinion:

"Say, what do you doctors think I am, anyway—a cheese?"

WHILE HE HAD HIS SENSES

A doctor was called upon to attend a man who was giving signs of mental disturbance, and diagnosed the case as being one of brain fag.

"This man is in a serious state," the physician said to the wife of the patient; "you should have called me sooner."

"But, doctor," protested the woman, "when he was in his right mind he wouldn't have a doctor."

WELL FOUNDED FAITH

A rich man who was ill was visited by one of his friends, who asked him, "Have you had a doctor?"

"Certainly," the patient said. "I've had Doctor Brown, and Doctor Smith and Doctor Jones," and he named about six others.

The friend said, "You must have a good deal of faith in doctors to call in so many."

"Sure," said the sick man; "do you think they'd be fools enough to let such a good customer die?"

OUTVOTING THE PROFESSOR

A famous surgeon, with six of his pupils, was gathered at the bedside of a very sick man. The surgeon said:

"Well, gentlemen, I think this is a case for immediate operation. But I should like to have your opinion. What do you say?"

All six held that in their opinion an immediate operation was not necessary. But the professor said: "You are all wrong; we operate tomorrow."

Then the patient took a hand in the discussion. He sat up in his bed, and said:

"No, you don't. In my opinion, six to one is a good majority. Give me my clothes."

SPECIALIZATION

Some people hold that the doctors have been carrying specialization too far in recent years,

and they are telling stories to illustrate their point. One of the stories concerns a German woman in a big city who took her young son to a dispensary. He had had a finger smashed in a baseball game.

The doctor at the dispensary said to her:

"You are in the wrong department. This is the eye and ear branch."

"Vell," she asked, "vere is der thumb und finger department?"

WON EITHER WAY

Some years ago, when the gland treatment for rejuvenation was attracting considerable attention, an old man went to a famous surgeon, and asked him whether he could make him into a youth of eighteen.

"I can," said the surgeon, "but it will cost you fifty thousand dollars."

The old man agreed to pay, and the surgeon performed the operation, which was quite successful. But he was not so successful in trying to collect the bill. He threatened to sue, and the old-young man said:

"You can't sue me now, because I am under age. And if you say that I am not under age, I'll sue you for fraud."

GOOD PRESCRIPTION

Every doctor has had experience with patients, or would-be patients, who expect physicians to be miracle workers, and who can give only the vaguest descriptions of what ails them. One of this kind went to a doctor, and said:

"Oh, doctor, something is the matter with me, but I don't know what. I feel terrible, but I don't know how. And I have the most awful pains, but I don't know where."

The doctor replied: "Well, I will prescribe something for you, but I don't know what. You will use it three times a day, but I don't know how. It will cure you, but I don't know when."

TIT FOR TAT

"I'd like you to look these shoes over and tell me whether they are worth mending," said a physician to a cobbler.

"I wouldn't spend any money on them," said the shoe mender. "They're not worth it."

"All right," said the doctor, as he turned to go.

"Fifty cents, please," said the cobbler.

"Why, what for?" the doctor asked. "You haven't done anything."

"Neither did you, the other day," said the

cobbler, "when you charged me five dollars for telling me that there was nothing the matter with me."

IN DANGER

A doctor was in his office, when a prominent business man entered.

"Doctor," he said, "I want to consult you about my son. He's my only son, you know, and I'm afraid that he has contracted diphtheria."

"There's a good deal of that sickness around," said the doctor. "No family seems to be safe from it."

"But, doctor," said the visitor, "the boy has confessed to me that he got it from kissing the cook—and, to tell the truth, I'm afraid that I am also in danger, from the same cause."

"H'm!" said the doctor.

"And what is worse, every night and morning I kiss my wife, and she may be in danger of the disease, too."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor. "Excuse me—I must have my own throat examined at once!"

THE TREACHEROUS 'PHONE

After a hard day's work, a doctor returned home late at night and told his wife that he

did not wish to be disturbed under any circumstances—he was going to get some sleep. If anyone called, the wife was to say that the doctor was out on a call. Then he lay down.

A little while later the telephone bell rang, and the doctor's wife answered it. It was a woman who said that her little boy was suffering from cramps. The doctor overheard the message and said to his wife, "Tell her to apply a hot cloth." The caller was told:

"The doctor is out on a call, but this is his wife. I advise you to apply a hot cloth." Then she hung up.

A short time passed, and the 'phone bell rang again. It was the same woman. "Excuse me, madam," she said, "but that hot cloth hasn't done my little boy any good. Would you mind asking that man in the room with you if he knows any better remedy?"

DOGS

BUT NOT FOR THE MAN

"I'm troubled with rats in my cellar," said a man to a dealer in dogs; "have you got a dog that is a good ratter?"

"I've got one that is fine for rats," said the dog seller, and he sold the animal.

In a few days the purchaser returned. "Say,"

he said, "that dog you sold me is no good. You said he was fine for rats, but he won't even go near them."

"Well, that's fine for the rats, ain't it?" said the dog dealer.

NAMES FOR DOGS

"That's a fine dog you have there," said one Englishman to another. "What do you call him?" The second man, who had literary tastes, said:

"His name is Perchance."

"That's a queer name for a dog. Where did you get it?"

"From one of Byron's poems. He says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

"That's pretty good," said the other man. "But I know a man who has a dog with a Biblical name."

"Indeed; what is that?"

"He calls his dog 'Moreover,' because he once read in the Book of Job, 'Moreover the dog came and licked his sores.'"

DOMESTICITY

BREAKING IT GENTLY

After a terrible shipwreck, in which all hands were reported lost, one of the passengers was

saved as though by a miracle. When he found himself safe in a foreign port, he cabled to a friend:

"I am safe. Try to break the news to my wife."

LARGE TURNOVER

A woman was reading the newspaper, and looked up to say to her husband:

"I don't believe it! This paper says that the average woman has a vocabulary of only 500 words."

"Seems like a small stock," said the man. "But think of the turnover!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"My husband and I never argue in front of the children," said a woman to one of her neighbors. "If any difference arises between us, we always send the children outdoors."

"Yes," said the neighbor. "I was remarking to my husband the other day how well your children look. They must spend a good deal of their time outdoors."

GOOD IDENTIFICATION

A woman's husband was missing for several days, and finally she was told that a body had

been found which might be his. She went to the morgue, looked at the body, and said, "Yes, that's my husband."

"Madam," said the morgue keeper, "did your husband have any marks whereby he could be identified?"

"None," said the woman, "except that he stuttered."

AN INTERESTING OFFER

Some years ago, when there was much talk about the "Black Hand," a man in New York who was believed to be very wealthy received a letter signed by the Black Hand. It read:

"Unless you give us $50,000, we will abduct your wife."

He sent back the answer:

"I haven't got $50,000, but your proposition interests me."

HADN'T THE HEART

A man's mother-in-law, who lived with him and her daughter, was very ill, and the doctor said:

"I'm afraid that you will have to send her to a warmer climate."

The man went out and came back in a few

moments with an axe. "You do it, doctor," he said; "I haven't got the heart."

PIOUS WISH

An old Pennsylvania German married, late in life, for the sake of a quiet, comfortable life in his ageing years. But his hopes were dashed, for the wife turned out to be a vixen.

A friend asked him how he was getting along with his new wife.

"Not so good; not so good," he answered. "I vish I vas in hell, dot's all I hope."

WORTH FIVE DOLLARS

A man and his wife were sitting under the parlor lamp, reading. She looked up and said, indignantly:

"What do you think of this? There's an item in this paper which says that in some of the South Sea Islands wives are sold openly for five dollars!"

Her husband answered:

"Well, a good wife is worth pretty near that much."

HIGH PRAISE

Three women were discussing their husbands, when one of them said:

"I have no secrets from my husband. Why, even before we were married I confessed all my faults to him."

One of the other women said, "Oh, my dear, I admire your courage!"

And the other one said, "And I admire your memory."

CAME TOO SOON

A woman with a large brood of children gathered them under her wing and took them all to the photographer to have a group picture taken. "How much will you charge me for a picture of my family?" she asked.

"My price is ten dollars a dozen," said the picture taker.

"Come, children," said the woman. And to the photographer she said: "I'm afraid I'll have to wait a while. I've got only eleven."

IN THE WAY

For a lark, a good looking young married woman visited a fortune teller—being careful to take off her wedding ring first.

The fortune teller said to her:

"I see much good fortune in store for you. You will marry a tall, dark, good-looking, wealthy young man."

"Fine!" said the visitor. "Now tell me how to get rid of my present husband."

THE DOUBTING WIFE

"John," said an employer, "you've done a lot of good work lately, and I'm going to raise your pay five dollars a week."

"Thanks, boss," said the worker, "and would you mind putting that in writing?"

"Why John, I'm astonished at you! Isn't my word good enough for you?"

"Your word is O. K. with me, boss," said John, "but I want it to show to my wife. If I tell her that I got a $5 raise, she'll think it was fifteen, at least."

GOOD REASON

An old Scotchman and his wife found themselves, in the evening of their lives, continually quarreling, although they really loved each other.

One evening they were seated at their hearthstone, not speaking. Near them, side by side, lay their old cat and old dog, sleeping quietly.

"Donald," said the woman, "why can't we be like yon animals? They never fecht wi' each other."

"Na, na, wumman," said the old man. "Tie them tegither, and see what will happen."

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP

There was a woman who suspected that her husband was making love to the hired girl and decided to catch him at it. One evening, when the girl was supposed to have an evening off, the woman saw her husband go quietly into the kitchen. She threw over her head a shawl such as the girl wore frequently, took a few matches in her hand, and followed him.

She had hardly entered the kitchen when she was seized and kissed and embraced ardently. Very indignant, she pulled herself away and struck one of the matches on the wall. There, in front of her, stood the hired man.

HIGHER AUTHORITY

In the early days of the United States Navy, a Secretary of the Navy issued an order to the effect that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the stations to which they were assigned.

The order remained in force until the Secretary received the following report from one of the officers:

"Sir, it becomes my painful duty to report

that my wife, Mary Jones, has in disobedience of my orders, and in defiance of the regulations of the department, taken up her residence at this station, and persistently refuses to leave."

PROVIDED FOR

On a steamer bound for Japan were a man and his wife, and the wife's mother. Shortly after the ship left San Francisco, the mother-in-law became ill, and died. The captain decided that the body must be buried at sea, and the preparations were begun.

It was found that there was no spare weight aboard to be put in to make the body sink, and accordingly a bag of coal was used. The daughter and the son-in-law watched the preparations. As the bag of coal was put in place, the man turned to his wife.

"Mary," he said, "I always knew where your mother would go when she died—but I didn't think she'd have to take her own coal with her!"

RECALLING OLD TIMES

A Western miner who had "struck it rich" moved to a big Eastern city, and, being a man of fine personality, found no difficulty in being

taken up by society in his new home. He made no secret of his lowly beginnings, and was not ashamed of them, but his wife did not like to be reminded of the days of their struggles.

They gave a dinner for some of their new friends. It was a huge success until the very end, when one of the servants was removing the crumbs from the tablecloth. The husband spoke up:

"Say, Jennie," he said to his wife, "don't this remind you of the days when you used to shake the crumbs from the table cloth out of the back door, for the chickens?"

VERY SCANTY

On his way to his office, a man passed a shop which had some beautiful silks displayed in the window. He went in, bought a piece and ordered it sent home. A few hours later he telephoned to his wife, and asked her whether she had received the silk.

"Yes," she answered, "but don't you think it is a little scanty?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "You needn't worry about that."

"But," she answered, "you won't object if my knees show?"

"Your knees show?" said he. "What in the

world are you talking about? What has my necktie got to do with your knees?"

"What," she said, "did you intend that silk for a necktie? Why, I've already cut a dress for myself out of it!"

TOO MUCH PRAISE

When Deacon Wilkins lost his wife, a good woman passed away, but one, who, like all the rest of us, had her little human failings. At the funeral sermon the parson waxed very eloquent in praising the late deceased. He described all her virtues in great detail, and wound up by saying:

"And when the spirit of the dear departed appeared at the gate of heaven, a host of heavenly angels, led by the seraphim and cherubim, and marshaled by Gabriel himself, came to welcome her and shouted, 'Enter into your reward, O best of all women!' "

But the deacon could not quite subscribe to this. "Oh, no, parson!" he called out. "Not so good as all that—not so good. She was just about middlin', parson; just about middlin'!"

NOT HARD HEARTED

In the Pennsylvania Dutch country there was a farmer who had a hand who was a hard

worker. He was married, apparently quite happily, and he seemed sincerely grieved when his wife died. He asked for a two weeks' leave from his work and got it.

A month later he again approached his employer with a request for two weeks' absence. "Why, John, you just had two weeks off for your wife's funeral," said the boss.

"Dis dime is different," said the farmhand. "I need me the two veeks now for gettin' married."

The farmer was shocked. "Why, John," he said, "it is only about six weeks since your wife died!"

"I knows dot," answered John. "But I nefer vas a man to holt spite long."

AMPLY REWARDED

For many years the French Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society has awarded an annual medal to the person who can prove that he has done most for the cause. One year a peasant appeared and claimed the medal.

"What have you done?" asked the committee.

"I have killed a wolf that has been ravaging the sheepfolds in my district," said the peasant.

"It is not enough," said the committee. "Had the wolf done anything else?"

"Yes," said the peasant, "he had eaten up my mother-in-law."

"You cannot have the medal," said the committee. "Go home; you have been sufficiently rewarded already."

BUT THE NAME DIDN'T PLEASE

When the late Theodore Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he bought several yachts to be used as dispatch boats, gunboats, tenders and the like. Most of them were renamed in accordance with the navy regulations. A naval officer was assigned to the command of one of these vessels.

His wife fell in love with the ship and, being a woman of influence in Washington, tried to have the vessel named after herself. But this was impossible, on account of a superstition in the navy that it is unlucky to give a woman's name to a ship.

"However, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Roosevelt to the naval officer. "We'll call her the 'Vixen,' and I'll put you in command of her."

THE WRONG STATE

A Roman Catholic bishop was visiting one of the churches in his diocese for the purpose

of administering confirmation, and, with the priest of the parish at his side, was examining a little girl candidate. Naturally, the priest was especially anxious to have his charges make a good showing and, also, the candidates were nervous in the presence of the great man.

The bishop said to the girl, "What is matrimony?" and she replied:

"Matrimony is a state of terrible torment which those who enter it are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a better and brighter world."

"Oh, no, no," broke in the priest; "that is purgatory, not matrimony."

"Let the child alone, father," said the bishop. "What do you or I know about it?"

MEAN TRICK ON A WIFE

There was a farmer who was too lazy, one hot afternoon, to work. He said to his wife:

"Mary, I think I'll go fishing this afternoon."

"Oh, no, you won't," she said. "You've got to go and dig those potatoes today."

Being a wise man, he did not argue with her, but started off for the potato patch. In a short time, however, he returned, and said to her: "Mary, look what I found digging in the

potato patch." And he showed her a coin, all tarnished. She polished it, and found it was a quarter, and kept it. The farmer went back to work, but soon came back again. This time he had a half dollar.

"John," said the woman, "I think it really is too fine an afternoon for you to dig those potatoes. Suppose you go fishing. I'll finish digging the potatoes myself."

So he went off with his fishing tackle, while she went to the potato patch. But she found no more coins.

JOINT PROPERTY

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," was the motto of a woman who "henpecked" her husband. She never would permit him to refer to anything as his own, and she objected strongly when she overheard him speaking to a neighbor about "my car."

"I want you to remember," she said to her husband, "that half of everything you own belongs to me. It's our house, and our car, and our money in the bank."

A little while later he came to her with a pair of trousers in his hand.

"Say, Mary," he said, "how'd you like to sew a button on our trousers?"

DRINKING

THREE REASONS

"Come and have a drink with me," said one friend to another.

"Can't," said the other man; "thanks."

"Why not?"

"For three reasons—in the first place, I promised my poor, dead mother that I would never drink; in the second place, it's too early in the morning for a drink; and in the third place, I have just had one."

SUPPOSE THEY HAD IT!

A famous actor was asked once, in the pre-Volstead days, to recommend a certain brand of wine, after the agent had presented him with a case, by way of a bribe.

"I hope," said the agent, "that hereafter, when you are in company, you will ask for my wine."

"I shall be glad to do so," said the actor. "But, good heavens, suppose they should have it!"

EARNED IT

At the mouth of a Western mine there is a high staging, for use in hoisting the ore. One

day a miner climbed the staging and, losing his footing, fell to the ground. When he reganed consciousness, he found that someone was trying to give him a drink of water.

He spat it out in disgust. "Damn it!" he said. "How far does a man have to fall at this mine to get a drink of whisky?"

NOT IN THE BIBLE

The village minister was trying to wean the village drunkard from his evil ways.

"Don't you know, John," he said, "that whisky is the greatest enemy of mankind?"

"Yes, parson, I know it," said the drinker, "but doesn't the Good Book from which you are always preaching say that we should love our enemies?"

"It does, John, it does; but it doesn't say that we are to swallow them."

SURE TO WAIT

In the early days of railroading, when schedules were not observed so strictly as they are now, a train stopped one day at a little way station. One of the passengers, a thirsty fellow, saw a sign informing passersby that drinks were sold there.

He called to the conductor:

"Say, conductor, have I got time to go and get a drink?"

"Yes," said the conductor; "but to make sure, I'll go and have one with you."

A GOOD SUGGESTION

After being out very late, a man was afraid that his wife would be very angry, so the bright idea occurred to him of pretending that he had arisen and was taken his morning bath.

Accordingly, he got into the tub and was splashing around merrily when the noise awakened his wife. She said to him, "What in the world are you doing?"

"Why, my dear," he replied, "I am taking my morning bath."

"Good idea," said she; "but don't you think it would be better if you took your clothing off first?"

SOMEWHAT FUDDLED

When a man comes home late at night, and his wife has reason to suspect that he has been drinking, she is apt to be rather pointed in her questions. In one such case, a woman said

"Ha, drinking again, I see!"

"No, my dear, not at all."

"Well, if you haven't been drinking, let's see you walk this chalk mark." And she took a

piece of chalk and made a long line on the floor.

He looked at the line, puzzled. "All right, my dear; but which one do you want me to walk on?"

TOO INNOCENT

During a very cold spell last Winter, the police commissioner of a big city was accosted on the street by a beggar who said:

"Boss, I'm dyin' wit' de cold. Will ye stake me to a quarter so I can go an' get a drink?"

"It is pretty cold," said the commissioner, "and I'm sorry for you. I'll give you the quarter, but I'm afraid you'll have to spend it on hot coffee instead of whisky, now that we have prohibition."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the "hobo." "T'anks for de quarter. Trust me to get the whisky. If you t'ink this town is dry, you're innocent enough to be a cop."

BOTH IMAGINARY

On a train in India there was a traveler who had among his baggage a wooden box pierced on all sides with holes, evidently for ventilation. He was one of those silent, reserved Englishmen, who do not make friends readily.

In the same car was an inquisitive Ameri-

can, who was traveling for information and was determined to get it. He changed his seat for one next to the Englishman and tried to engage him in conversation. For a time he did not succeed, but finally he did manage to bring the talk around to the subject of the box. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what's in the box?" he asked.

The Englishman said: "I have a friend up here in one of those hill towns toward which we are traveling. He has been drinking too much. In the box I have a pet mongoose. The mongoose, as you probably know, is a deadly enemy to snakes. I am taking him up to my friend, to kill the snakes which my friend is seeing."

"But," the American objected, "those snakes that your friend is seeing are imaginary snakes!"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the Englishman. "This is an imaginary mongoose."

DRUMMERS

A NEW SALESMAN

Some "drummers" were relating their experiences on the road, and one of them left his seat in the smoking car after telling an especially "tall" yarn.

"That fellow reminds me of Baron Munchhausen," said one of the others.

"Who's he?" asked another traveling salesman.

"Never heard of Munchhausen? Why, he's the greatest liar in history!"

"That so? What house does he travel for?"

ON THE ROAD

There was a bunch of traveling salesmen in the smoking car, and some of them were bragging about their sales—as drummers have been known to do. The talk ran 'way up into the thousands and millions.

One man sat quietly in the corner, and said nothing. One of the others turned to him, and said:

"Say, brother, how about you? Business good?"

"Pretty good."

"Make many sales lately?"

"Well, I made one about six months ago."

"That so? Well, when do you expect the next one?"

"Oh, in about a year and a half."

"What, one sale six months ago, and the next one in about a year and a half! Is your house satisfied with that record?"

"Seems to be," said the quiet man.
"Say, what do you sell, anyway?"
"Suspension bridges."

EATING AND RESTAURANTS

FOOD PHILOSOPHY

"Jane," said the landlady of a boarding house to her new girl, "it is the rule here, that if there is any bad news to tell the boarders, you are to tell it before dinner, not after. You have no idea what a difference it makes in the food bills in the course of a year."

HELPING THE WEAK

The new man at the boarding house had not been there long enough to acquire the proper respect for the landlady, and the latter was astonished one morning to see him putting a lump of butter in his coffee.

"Why did you do that?" she asked him.

"Because, madam," he replied, "I believe that the strong should always help the weak."

VERY THIN

"This soup is pretty thin," said one boarder to another, at the dinner table. "What does the landlady call it?"

"Chicken soup," said the other boarder. "They say that she makes it by hanging up a chicken and letting the shadow fall on a pot of hot water."

"H'm! She must have made this soup on a cloudy day."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Two men were talking about various kinds of food, and their effect on the human organism.

"I believe the Germans are right when they say that a person gets to resemble what he eats," said one man. "I lived in a boarding house once in which the landlady fed us on sausages every day for a week. At the end of the week every one of the boarders commenced to growl!"

DIDN'T LIKE IT

Eating dinner with his family for the first time, a little boy also had his first experience with asparagus. He looked at it with distrust, then investigated it with his fork, and finally pushed it aside without tasting it.

"Don't you like asparagus?" someone asked him.

"No," he said; "one end of it is raw, and the other end is rotten."

"ME, TOO"

There are in San Francisco three restaurants, close to one another; one is run by an American, one by a Greek and one by a Chinese.

Not long ago the American decided to keep his eating house open all night, and put up a sign, "Open All Night." The Greek, not to be outdone, said: "We Never Close." And the Chinese decorated the front of his place with a sign reading:

"Me Keep Awake, Too."

VERY LOW

Two men were eating together in a restaurant, and one of them bewailed his fate in having to eat in a public place. "I am a descendant of a noble family," he said, "and in the dining room of my ancestral home the ceiling is so high that one can hardly see it."

The other one replied:

"The dining room of my ancestral home is equally remarkable, but in a different way. The ceiling is so low that the only fish we can eat there is a flounder."

SLOW WORK

A young man took a bag of grain to one of the old-time mills, to be ground. The mill wheel turned very slowly, and the young man became impatient. He said to the miller:

"Say, I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it."

"Yes," said the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?"

"I could keep on eating it until I starved," was the answer.

GOOD EFFECT

A party of guests was praising the fine dinner that had been cooked by their hostess. They were especially enthusiastic about the apple pie.

"It was not only a good pie, but it looked pretty," said one guest. "What I liked especially was the pretty scalloped edge. How did you manage to get such a fine effect?"

"Oh, that was easy," answered the hostess. "I used my false teeth."

HIS RULE

The headmaster of an English school gave a tea to his boys, and was pleased to see them partake heartily of the refreshments that were

set before them. One boy, however, ate and drank so much that the master became alarmed.

"My boy," he asked, "has no one ever told you what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad. "I eat as much as I can, and I drink as much as I can, and I avoid bursting."

SPOKE TOO LATE

An Irishman came home one evening very hungry after a hard day's work, and, entering the kitchen, saw on the table a dish of raw eggs. He was so hungry that he couldn't wait to cook them, so he began cracking the shells and swallowing the eggs raw.

All went well until he opened one that contained a chicken. Before he noticed it, the little fowl was half way down his esophagus and emitting a faint "cheep" as it descended.

"I'm sorry for ye," said the Irishman, "but ye should have spoke sooner!"

HAPPY ENDING

Two cockneys were overheard, in London, discussing the fate of a third.

"'Ave you 'eard habout Bill?" said one. "Pore feller! 'E's died."

"W'y," said the other, "that carn't be; I was just talkin' to Bill larst week."

"E's dead now. 'E was arsked to a party, and they 'ad so much to eat that Bill overeat 'isself. 'Ad six 'elpin's o' meat and four o' puddin', an' hit was too much fer the pore feller."

"But wot a 'eavinly death!"

FIFTY-FIFTY

Eating some so-called veal pies had made the people of an English town sick, and the authorities called upon the maker of the pies to explain. Under pressure he revealed that he had used other meat than veal, in the pies.

"What's in them?" he was asked.

"Rabbit meat."

"What else?"

"Horse meat."

"Is that so? In what proportion?"

"Half and half," said the pie maker.

"What do you mean by half and half?" he was then asked.

"One rabbit, one horse."

EASY ORDERING

A college professor sat down in a good city restaurant, for dinner. He was hungry, but

did not know what he wanted to eat. After toying with the bill of fare for a few minutes, while the waiter hovered around, he said:

"Waiter, I don't know what I want to eat. Just bring me a good dinner, will you?" And he handed the waiter a dollar bill.

The dinner was excellent, and the professor rewarded the waiter with a generous tip, in addition to the dollar already given. As he was leaving, the waiter said:

"Thank you very much, sir. And if any of the rest of your friends who can't read come here, tell them to ask for Bill, and I'll fix them up with a good dinner."

COULDN'T FEAZE HIM

Two men were ordering breakfast in a dining car, while the colored waiter stood by to receive their orders. One of the men said:

"I'll have some orange juice, toast, a nice slice of fried ham and two fried eggs, and coffee."

"Yes, sah," said the waiter, and to the other man: "An' you'll have de same, sah?"

"Yes, but eliminate the eggs."

The waiter looked at him doubtfully for a moment, and then went back to give the order to the cook. In a few minutes he returned, and said to the second man:

"Very sorry, sah, but I spoke to de cook 'bout yo' order, an' he asked me to tell yo' dat de 'liminator am out ob order dis mawnin'. Would yo' just as lieve hab yo' eggs fried, like de other gentleman?"

HARDLY EDIBLE

One day the secretary of the Royal Society in London received a large package from the country. Opening it, he found that it contained the dead body of a swan, with a letter saying that it had been sent by a member who had an estate on the Thames.

It was just before the annual dinner of the Society, and the secretary turned the bird over to the chef, with instructions to roast it for the banquet. When the time arrived the roasted swan was borne to the table with great ceremony—and it made a truly noble appearance—but there was no steel in London keen enough, and no arm at the table strong enough, to make an impression on that tough bird. The company dined on other viands.

In a few days the secretary sent a note to thank the donor for the swan. In it he referred jokingly to the toughness of the bird. He received a reply which read:

"Good heavens, man, you don't mean to tell me that you cooked that bird! I sent him to

you to be stuffed and placed in the museum as a curiosity. He was two hundred and eighty years old!"

"AN EVENING WITH THE GRAVY"

A Virginia gentleman once invited a Northern friend to visit him at his home in the Old Dominion, saying:

"I want you to come down and partake of some of our famous Virginia ham."

The Northerner came, and was entertained royally, his dinner including the ham, which he enjoyed very much. After dinner the host said, "Well, how did you enjoy the ham?"

"It was indeed excellent, and wonderfully well cooked," said the man from the North, "but if you will not be offended, I venture to say that I think the way in which it is cooked at my club in New York is even better."

"Indeed!" said the Virginian. "If you have a recipe for cooking ham, I should like to have my cook hear it." And he called in the cook to listen to the recipe.

"First," said the New Yorker, "the chef cooks the ham for an hour in the finest Amontillado sherry. Then he cooks it for another hour in rich Burgundy wine, and finally for an hour in vintage champagne. The result is a ham that is fit for the gods."

The Virginian turned to his cook. "Well, Mose," he asked, "what do you think of that recipe?"

"It sho' does sound good, massa," said Mose. "Perhaps de ham wouldn't be no better dan ours—but I'd sure like to spend an evenin' with de gravy!"

ENGLISH

THE ENGLISHMAN COULDN'T SEE IT

An American in London, visiting one of the office buildings there, was greatly annoyed by the slowness of the elevator or "lift," as they call it in London.

He said to an English fellow passenger, "I believe that I could make a great improvement in this lift."

"How would you go about doing that?" asked the Englishman.

"Why, I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

"But how could you do that?" asked the puzzled Londoner.

COULDN'T SEE IT

An American gave the following example of the inability of an Englishman to see the point of an American joke.

He told the Englishman:

There was a restaurant in an American city which advertised, "All that you can eat for a dollar." A man went there to take advantage of the offer, ate two or three plates of soup, a couple of entrées, roast beef, roast pork and roast chicken, several vegetables and a salad or two. Then he asked the waitress:

"What have you got for dessert?"

The waitress answered: "We've got apple pie, cherry pie, cocoanut pie, lemon pie and custard pie."

The customer said, "Well, bring me a piece of apple pie, one of cherry, one of cocoanut and one of lemon."

The waitress asked, "Say, what's the matter with the custard?"

After telling the story to the Englishman, the American waited for the laugh which did not come. The Englishman looked puzzled for a moment, and then said:

"Well, what *was* the matter with the custard?"

FATHER AND SON

TEACHING A SON

In a little town near Boston there lived a professor of philosophy in one of the big uni-

versities, with his family. A friend of the family went past the house, and found the professor's young son leaning against the gate and crying.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the man.

The boy pointed back at the house. "That fool of a father of mine has been trying to make me think," he said.

GOOD REASON

A man heard the sound of blows, accompanied by heavy sobbing, at his neighbor's house, and went over to investigate. He found his neighbor administering a severe beating to his young son. He stopped him, and asked:

"Why, what has the boy done to deserve such a beating?"

"Deserve it!" said the other man. "I should say he did! Why, he tore up my membership card in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

HEARTLESS FATHER

A successful man in business wanted his son to follow in his own footsteps, but the young fellow had other ideas. He wanted to travel and see the world—even if he had to do so without the help of the old man's money.

But after knocking around for a while he found that being stranded in a far city was not romantic or pleasant, so he wired home for money. Nothing came, and finally, in desperation, he telegraphed:

"You wouldn't see me starve, would you?"

"Not at this distance," was the answer.

CAUSE FOR ACTION

There was a man who did not approve of his young son's fighting, and he was angry when the lad came home one afternoon with a black eye.

"How did you get that?" asked the father.

"Billy Jones gave it to me," said the boy. "But I licked him, anyway."

"Licked him! Why, he's much bigger than you are!"

"I had to lick him," answered the boy.

"What had he done to you?"

"He said that I look like you."

FISHING

A REAL FISHERMAN

There was an enthusiastic fisherman who was so fond of the sport that he was always talking about it.

One of his friends said to another:

"There's Jones; he's so fond of fishing he seems to have fishing on the brain."

"Fishing tackle, you mean; I've often seen him when his brain was reeling."

G. W. NO FISHERMAN

A little boy was taken on a fishing trip by his father, with some other fishermen, and at the close of the day, when they were all seated around the campfire, the lad listened to the "tall" tales of big catches told by the men.

When they retired, he said to his father:

"Say, dad, is it true that George Washington never told a lie?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, I guess he never went fishing."

WOULDN'T HARM HIM

A farmer's son, one hot summer afternoon, wanted to go fishing, but his father had other ideas concerning the best way of spending the time.

"Dad," said the boy, "they say the fish are biting like anythin' down at the creek."

"All right," said the father. "You keep right on pickin' those berries, an' I don't believe the fish will come up here an' bite you"

GETTING OUT OF IT

In a county in which fishing is severely restricted, a man was casting his fly into a stream, when another man appeared on the bank. "Any luck?" asked the newcomer.

"Not much to-day," said the fisherman, "but you ought to have been with me yesterday. Fifteen of the finest trout you ever saw!"

"That so!" said the other man. "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," answered the fisherman.

"I'm the fish and game warden of this township."

"Yeah?" said the angler. "And do you know who I am?"

"Don't know you," said the warden.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in the State."

WORTH SAVING

A white man stood on a bridge, watching, below him, a colored man and a boy who were fishing. Several times the fisherman scolded the boy for various things, and the white man gathered that the boy was pretty worthless.

The lad's foot slipped and he fell into the river. Without a moment's hesitation the fisherman plunged into the stream after him, and brought him ashore. Then the white man went down, and said to the fisherman:

"You are a real hero, and deserve a medal for rescuing the lad; especially as I happen to know that you have a poor opinion of him."

" 'Deed, boss, he am de laziest, most shiftless boy I eber seed—but he had de bait in his pocket."

GHOSTS

"DEAD" LANGUAGE

A company of persons were discussing the existence or non-existence of ghosts.

"I am quite sure," said one man, "that I met a ghost once, as I was walking on a lonely country road at midnight. In fact, not only did I see him plainly, but I heard him speak."

"What did he say to you?" was asked.

"How can I tell what he said?" said the discoverer of the ghost. "I never studied the dead languages."

SCARED HIM AWAY

Among the guests at an English house party was a bishop who was noted for what is known in America as a "go-getting" way. After dinner the talk turned to ghosts and haunted houses, and the host said:

"You know, this house is said to be haunted by the spirit of one of my ancestors, but I

have never had the courage to find out, because it haunts only the room next to the dining room, and I have never slept there."

"Why, that is my room!" said the bishop.

"Indeed! It must have been given to your lordship by mistake; I shall have it changed," said the host.

But the bishop said that he was not afraid of ghosts, and insisted on keeping the room.

The next morning, he was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Oh, yes!" he said. "He came just at midnight. But I am sure that you will never see him again. I asked him for a subscription for our new cathedral, and he disappeared at once."

A CHILLY GHOST

It was after dinner at a famous English castle, and the host, a nobleman, was telling his guests about the traditions of the place. "You know," he said, "this place is said to be haunted by the ghost of one of my ancestors, but he hasn't appeared now for many years, and I hardly think that he will trouble any of you. He comes only once every fifty years, and the next time won't be for several years."

The party broke up shortly before midnight, and the guests went to their rooms. One of them was a young woman. The next morn-

ing, when the guests assembled for breakfast, she said to the host:

"I saw your ghost last night."

"Indeed! How interesting! Tell us about it."

"It must have been just at midnight," she said. "I heard the hall clock striking. I was just about to fall asleep, when I heard a slight noise at my door, and in walked a tall figure, all in white. It said not a word, but went to my bed, pulled off the coverlid and disappeared through the door. I did not sleep a wink all night. I thought that I had fallen asleep and dreamed it all, but this morning the coverlid was gone."

"It could not have been the ghost of my ancestor," said the host. "He is not due for several years yet."

Just then another guest, a young man, joined the group. "Do you know," he said, "I found it quite cold in my room last night. So, as I knew the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and helping myself to a cover from the bed there."

GOLF

TRUE OF MANY "GOLFERS"

Many a duffer on the links will agree with the beginner who was asked, "Do you play

golf?" and answered, "No, but I can't give it up."

GOLF NOT SO EASY

Rather late in life, a professor of Latin and Greek at one of our leading universities was advised to take up golf. Naturally, at first he foozled all his shots, and he turned to his old Scotch caddy for consolation and advice.

"Eh, mon," said the caddy. "It's nae sae hard to teach Latin and Greek to yon lads and lassies—but it's nae sae easy to learn gowff."

ANOTHER CAUSE FOR WORRY

Jones, an ardent golfer, was receiving the congratulations of his clubmates on the birth of a son. But he did not look very happy.

"What's the matter with Jones?" asked one golfer of another. "He doesn't look overjoyed. With all his money, he needn't worry about another addition to the family."

"Yes, but someone heard him say, 'There's another one to buy golf balls for, eventually!'"

ONE VIEW OF GOLF

Before taking up the game of golf, John D. Rockefeller had for his favorite pastime the

pitching of quoits. He was asked one day why he did not take up golf, then coming into general favor. Mr. Rockefeller's reply was that he did not know much about the game—although there was reason to suspect that he had really looked into it.

"Golf!" he said. "Why, I don't know anything about that game. I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy!"

HEBREW

JUST AS GOOD

"Fadder," said a little Jewish boy, "gif me a qvarter?"

"Vat for I should gif you a qvarter?" asked the father.

"I vant to go to the circus; dey got a great, big snake dere."

"You should vaste money to go to the circus to see a big snake! Here, take dis magnifying glass und look at a vorm."

FORBIDDEN

As the eating of pork is forbidden to Israelites, one can understand a little Jewish boy's going to the grocery store and saying:

"Mister, have you any animal crackers?"

"Yes," said the groceryman, "how many do you want?"

"Half a pound; and mother says will you please take out the pigs."

A SAD MISTAKE

A Hebrew storekeeper was in his store one day, when a stranger entered, made a small purchase, and engaged the storekeeper in conversation.

"Nice store you've got here," he said.

"Oh, yes," said the storekeeper, "der stock in this store cost me $10,000, mine friend."

The stranger left, and soon thereafter the shopkeeper was shocked to receive a tax bill in which the contents of his store were assessed at $10,000.

"Oi, oi!" he said. "And I thought he vas from Bradstreet's!"

NOT THE FATHER'S FAULT

A Hebrew and his boy were on the railroad train, and the father tried to pass the boy off on the conductor as under age, and entitled to ride for half fare.

"How old is that boy?" asked the conductor.

"He is only five," said the man.

"Only five!" the conductor repeated. "Why, he looks at least twelve."

"Can I help it if der boy vorries?" asked the father.

BUSINESS, ALWAYS

Probably everyone has seen the little shops, half pawnshop and half sales stores, which are generally kept by Hebrews. The proprietor of one of them had to go away on business one day, and left it in charge of his young son.

"Remember, Ikey," he said as he went out, "I expect you to make a sale to everyone vot comes in der store."

When he returned, he asked, "Vell, how vas business?"

"Pretty goot, fadder. You know der young man vat vas in yesterday to buy a diamond engagement ring? Vell, he came back to-day mit der ring und pawned it. He looked so discouraged, I felt sorry for him."

"Discouraged, hey? Vell, vy didn't you sell him a pistol?"

QUICK CHANGE

Two young men of the Jewish faith fell in love with two Roman Catholic girls, sisters, and tried to persuade them to marry. This the two girls would by no means consent to do,

unless the young men agreed to change their religion and become Catholics.

For a long time the young men held out, but, being greatly in love with the girls, finally they consented. When the time came for them to be baptized in their new faith, however, one of them lost his nerve. He said to the other one:

"Sammy, you go first in the church. You get yourself baptized, and when you come out, you tell me all about it. If it's all right, I'll go in, too."

Sammy consented, and entered the church to be baptized, while his friend waited outside. When the convert finally came out of the church, the other man rushed up to him and said:

"Well, Sammy, how was it? Is it all right? What did they do to you?"

Sammy drew himself to his full height. "Get out of here, you heathen!" he said.

HOSPITALITY

JUST MEDIUM

"I hope you have enjoyed your stay here," said the proprietor of a country inn to a departing guest, "and that you will recommend our place to others."

"Well," said the guest, "I wouldn't send my enemies here, because it isn't bad enough; and on the other hand I wouldn't send my friends here, because it isn't good enough."

AS A PRECAUTION

In a clubroom, a bore was boasting of his popularity. "The other day," he said, "I dropped in on the Robinsons' and they insisted on my staying for dinner. They wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. And after dinner, when I was leaving, the whole family accompanied me to the front door and backed up against it."

"After you had gone out, of course?" said one of his hearers.

IMPARTIAL

An Englishman had been invited to spend a week at a friend's house, and found himself so comfortable there that, without further invitation, he remained on for week after week, until a month had passed. The hints from his host and his hostess that he had overstayed his welcome passed unheeded over his head.

Finally they decided to "cook up" a little scheme to get rid of him. "We'll pretend to quarrel over the cooking of the dinner," said

the man. "Then he'll take sides with one of us, and the other one will become angry and order him from the house."

The quarrel was staged as planned, and the unwelcome guest was asked to take sides. But he said:

"Seeing that I expect to remain here another month, I had better not agree with either of you, to avoid hard feelings."

KEEPING A PLACE CLEAN

A man had just bought a beautiful place in the suburbs, and he was very proud of it; he took the greatest care in keeping it clean and in order. He invited a friend from the city to visit him, and after dinner the two were seated on the lawn, smoking.

The guest lit a cigar, and threw the match stick on the grass. The host rose, with evident annoyance, and picked up the burnt match. "I wouldn't do that, George!" he said.

"Do what?" asked George.

"Throw match sticks on the grass."

"Why, I shouldn't think you'd mind a little thing like that," said George.

"Oh, yes," said the host. "It's just such little things like that that spoil the looks of a place."

George sat and smoked in silence for a few minutes, then he arose and, without saying a word to the host, walked to the road and disappeared around a curve. He was gone about five minutes. When he returned, still without saying a word, the host said to him:

"Where have you been, George?"

"Oh, I just went down to spit in the river!"

HUNTING

DIED GAME

A city man hunting in the woods left behind him a trail of innocent slaughtered creatures. Among them was a calf which had been shot carelessly for a deer.

The poor animal lay dying. It turned to a nearby sheep, and said:

"Tell mother that I died game."

VERY DIPLOMATIC

After a day's shooting in India, a young Englishman who was a poor shot said to his Indian attendant:

"I did not do so well to-day."

"Oh, the young sahib shot very well, very well, indeed," said the diplomatic Hindoo. "But God was very merciful to the birds."

INSANITY

GOOD CATCH

A visitor to a hospital for the mentally afflicted saw one of the inmates holding a rod and line over a bed of flowers. Thinking to humor him, the visitor said:

"Fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch many?"

"You're the ninth one this afternoon," said the "fisherman."

MORE DIFFICULT

There was a doctor who had the reputation of working marvelous cures. He had his office on the eighth floor of an office building. He was in his office alone one day when there entered a man who was evidently a dangerous lunatic.

"Doctor," he said, "they tell me you can do wonderful things. I want you to prove it to me by jumping out of that window without getting hurt."

"Oh, that would be too easy," said the doctor. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll jump down and then immediately jump back again.

You go downstairs and watch me do it." And the lunatic left.

IRISH

NATIVE IRISH BULLS

Sir Richard Steele, the famous author, who was a native of Ireland, was asked one time by an English friend why Irishmen made so many "bulls."

"Faith," answered Steele, "I think it must be something in the air of Ireland; I believe that if an Englishman were born there he would do the same."

POSTPONED

When a wealthy Irishman died, it became necessary, after the invitations to the funeral had been sent out, to postpone it for a day. Accordingly, a servant was sent to all those who had been invited. He made the announcement of the postponement as follows:

"Master sends his compliments, and says that he won't be buried until tomorrow."

NO TIME TO LOSE

A passerby stopped to watch an Irishman who was painting a house. The painter was

putting on the paint with long, quick strokes, and seemed to be in a great hurry to finish the job.

"What's the rush, Mike?" asked the other man.

"I ain't got much paint left," said Mike, "and I want to finish the job before it gives out."

THEIR CHOICE

In a little Irish town a new cemetery was opened, and opinions differed concerning its beauty. Two of the town's residents went out to look at it. "I don't like it," said one; "I'd rather die than be buried in such a place."

And the other one replied: "Well, it suits me; I like it. I won't be buried anywhere else, if I'm spared."

AN IRISH WARNING

Near a little Irish village there is a stream which can usually be crossed with safety, but which is dangerous in high water. The villagers know this, but they think it is necessary to warn strangers and wayfarers. So they have painted on a stone in the middle of the stream the following warning:

"Notice: When this sign is out of sight it is unsafe to cross this river."

NOT MUCH ACCOUNT

"Will your honor not help a poor widow woman?" said an Irishwoman asking for alms at the back door of a house.

The householder knew that she was not a widow, and said:

"How can you ask for help as a widow, when I know perfectly well that your husband is alive?"

"Oh, sure," said the woman, "that poor, insignificant little creature is not worth mentioning!"

POOR ERIN!

A newly arrived immigrant from Ireland was met at Castle Garden, New York, by a relative. It was a fine summer's evening.

"This is a great country, Mike," said the Irish-American. "Even the time here is wonderful. Just think—here we are, enjoying the early evenin', while back in Cork, where ye came from, 'tis now night, an' all the people are abed."

"Poor Ireland," said Mike, "she niver gets any justice at all!"

HEARTFELT THANKS

The opera "Faust" was being presented in Dublin, and the scene had been reached in which Satan is seen conducting Faust through the gate of Hell. This was represented by a trap-door.

Satan got down all right, but Faust, who was represented by a rather stout singer, got stuck when about half way through. An Irishman in the gallery was heard exclaiming:

"Thank God, Hell is full!"

WOULD FIT AFTER A WHILE

An Irishman who was rather vain of his personal appearance was buying a pair of shoes. He told the clerk his size and tried on several pairs, but they were all too small. The clerk suggested:

"Why not try a larger pair? I do not think that you will be able to get that size on."

"Oh, I'll be able to get them on all right after I've worn them a few times," said the Irishman.

GOOD MEASURE

There used to be a saying, "as long as an Irish mile," which meant a long distance, be-

cause the old Irish mile was about a fourth longer than the English mile.

An Englishman was once traveling in Ireland with a native, and complained bitterly about the state of the roads, which were very bad. "Well," the Irishman said, "we know that the roads are not very good; but we make up for that by giving good measure. Eleven of our miles are as long as fourteen of your English miles."

NO WONDER HE LOST

In a rowing race between an Irishman and an Englishman the Irishman was outclassed—so much so that several times the Englishman stopped rowing and made fun of the Irishman, who was far behind, saying:

"Come on, Paddy; what are you waiting for?"

After the race the Irishman's friends sympathized with him. "How did he come to beat you so badly, Pat?" one of them asked.

"Bedad," said Pat, "if I had taken the long rests he did I'd have beaten him easily."

NO USE AT ALL

An American visitor to Ireland was pressed for time on his visit to Dublin, and wanted the cab driver to hurry, but, as the man was hired

by the hour, he could not see any necessity for speeding up his horse.

"It seems to me," the impatient Yankee said, "that you are very careful of your safety. I'll give you a couple of shillings extra if you hurry."

"Sure, your honor," replied the "jarvey," "what's all the money in the world to a man whose wife is a widow?"

NOT A SUBJECT FOR CONFESSION

In the olden days in Ireland, when there was open warfare between the people of the island and the absentee landlords and their representatives, a son of the old sod went one Sunday to confession.

"Father," he said to the priest, "I have come to tell you that I have killed four men."

"Oh, my son," said the father, "what a terrible sin for a man to have on his soul!"

"But, father, these were rent collectors."

"Why didn't you tell me that sooner? I have no time to waste on you. You come here to confess your sins, not to gossip."

PAT'S ACCOMPLISHMENT

Visiting Ireland, an Englishman came to a small river from which an Irishman was hauling water, in barrels.

After passing the time of day, the Englishman asked:

"How long have you been hauling water from this river, Pat?"

"Oh, about tin years," said Pat.

"And how many loads a day do you take?"

"About twelve or fifteen."

"Well, Pat, in all those ten years, how much water have you taken away from the river?"

"Sure," said Pat, pointing to the water, "all that your honor don't see there."

A WIRELESSS 'PHONE

An Irishman was looking for a job, and entered a store to ask for work. The man to whom he applied said, "You'll have to see Mr. Jones; he's on the second floor just now."

"All right," said Paddy; "where are the stairs?"

"You don't need to go up the stairs," said the clerk; "you can use that speaking tube." And he told Paddy how to use the tube. The Irishman whistled, and Mr. Jones answered.

"Is that you, Mr. Jones?" asked Paddy.

"Yes."

"Well, will ye plaze stick yer head out of the second-story window? I want to ask ye for a job."

ALMOST WON THE BET

Two bricklayers, an Englishman and an Irishman, were at work on a building together, and had an argument as to which was the better man with the hod. To settle the dispute, each agreed to carry the other to the top of the building in his hod.

The Irishman was the first to try, and he succeeded in carrying the Englishman to the top in safety. Then it was the Englishman's turn, and he carried Pat to the top without a mishap. When they were both safely down, the Englishman said:

"Now will you admit that I'm as good a man as you are with the hod?"

"I will that," said Pat, "but I had high hopes when you were up there at the second floor and you nearly made a misstep."

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

Two Irishmen were knocking off work for the day.

"Grogan," said one of them, "will ye do me a favor?"

"Sure," said Grogan. "What is it?"

"I want ye to come home to supper with me."

Now, Grogan knew that Flanagan and his

wife were not on the best of terms—in fact, the latter had told him only that day that he had had a row with his better half before coming to work that morning.

"Sure, I don't think that I should be goin' home with ye," said Grogan. "Your wife may be still mad from the argument ye had with her this mornin'."

"That's why I want ye to come with me," said Flanagan. "She can't lick the both of us."

A SAD FAREWELL

An Irishman who was a devout Roman Catholic met with hard times, and could find no work until he applied to a neighboring farmer, a Protestant. "I could give you work," said the farmer, "but there is one thing I would call on you to do that I think you would not like."

"What is that?" asked Pat.

"You would have to drive me and my wife to church on Sundays."

"That would be all right," said the Irishman, "so long as you would not ask me to attend the services."

"Of course not," said the farmer, and Pat got the job.

The way to the Protestant church lay past

the one in which he was accustomed to worship. As he drove past it on the first Sunday, he said:

"Good by, God, until I meet with better days!"

WHY THEY CRIED

Two Irishmen, unused to the ways of a big city, visited Dublin, and took their dinner in a restaurant. One of them saw the little bottle of pepper sauce on the table and, thinking it must be very good to be put into so small a bottle, put a liberal dose on his meat. Naturally, it burned him so that tears came to his eyes.

"What are you crying about, Terence?" asked his companion.

"Sure, I just happened to be thinkin' about my poor dead grandmother," said Terence.

In a few minutes the other man did the same thing. "And what are *you* crying about?" asked Terence.

"I'm cryin' because you did not die before your grandmother was born," said the second man.

VERY OLD

In a little Irish village a man died, and his relatives wanted his name and age put on the

coffin plate. There being no regular man for such work in the place, the village tinker was sent for. "How old was Paddy?" he asked. And they told him, twenty-eight.

The tinker scratched his head. "I don't know how to make an '8,'" he said; "I never got beyond '7.' But I'll tell you what I'll do—four times 7 is 28—so instead of putting a '2' and an '8' on the coffin, I'll put down four '7's.' Sure, four times seven is twenty-eight."

At the funeral services the priest said: "Let us pray for the repose of poor Paddy Mulligan, who has passed away at the early age of—" Here he paused to adjust his glasses, and look at the plate. "Seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven. Good heavens, the man was born before the flood!"

NOT ENOUGH FOR PAT

An Irish gentleman hired a cabby to drive him to his home on a very cold day, and when they reached the house the fare said:

"Pat would you like to step inside for a minute and have a drink to warm you up?"

"That I would," said Pat, "and I thank Your Honor most kindly."

But when they got inside, the man found that he hadn't a drop of whisky or anything

else to drink in the house save a bottle of rare old Benedictine. He poured out a small liqueur glass of the precious drink and handed it to Pat with the remark:

"There, Pat, there's a drink that was made many years ago by the monks of a famous monastery in France. Tell me what you think of it."

Pat swallowed the drink, and said:

"May Heaven bless the monks that made the drink, sir—but the devil fly away with the short-winded beggar that blew the glass!"

WHY HE WENT HOME

An Irish-American who had risen in the world, by brains and industry, to become a wealthy contractor, liked to have his old cronies visit him in his fine new home, and talk over old times. One of them spent the evening with him and, leaving to go home about midnight, found that a heavy rain had begun during his visit.

"Jim," said the contractor, "'tis no use you're goin' home in this rain. Your wife will know where you are. Stay here the night."

"That I will," said the friend, and the host showed him to his room. Then he went to his own study to look over some plans.

About an hour later he heard a ring at the front doorbell. Not wishing to disturb any of the servants at that time, he went down to answer the bell himself. There stood Jim, dripping wet.

"How's this?" asked the host. "I thought ye were to stay here over night?"

"Sure," said Jim, "an' if I was to stay overnight, I wint home to git me night-shirt."

CELTIC LOGIC

An Irish nobleman was the owner of a castle that was many hundreds of years old, and fell into decay; so much so that it was abandoned as a habitation, and remained only as a reminder of the ancient glories of the Emerald Isle. It did not take the peasants of the surrounding country long to discover that the old castle was an excellent source of building material, and they took away the stones to build cottages and barns and pigsties, and to mend the roads.

After this had been going on for several years, one day the nobleman visited the old place, and saw the ruin. He said to his agent:

"This must be stopped; I won't have the old castle torn down that way stone by stone. I want you to put up a big wall to protect it."

Several months later he visited the place again, and found a high wall built around the site of the castle—but of the castle itself nothing remained. He summoned the agent and said, "What has become of the castle?"

"Why," said the agent, "I used what was left of it to build the wall."

THE BEST DREAM

An Irishman and an Englishman once found themselves, as fellow travelers, at a country inn, where the landlord produced a fine roasted chicken for supper. The Englishman said:

"What's the use of our eating that fine chicken for supper, and then going to sleep and forgetting about it? Let's save it for breakfast."

The Irishman replied:

"All right; but it's only a small chicken; let's make an agreement that the one who has the most beautiful dream shall have the whole chicken in the morning. We'll let the host here be the judge."

It was agreed; they made their supper on bread and cheese, and went to bed. When the morning came, they sat down to the breakfast table to tell their dreams. "I dreamed a most delightful dream," said the Englishman. "I

thought I was wandering about the fields, when I saw the sky open, and an angel appeared. In his hand he held a bucket, with a long rope attached. He let it down to me, I climbed into it, and he drew me up to heaven. What I saw there was too wonderful to describe. Every word of this is the truth."

"I know it is," said the Irishman. "I was there myself, and I saw you drawn up to heaven. And I said to myself, 'Sure, he'll never leave such a wonderful place.' So I got up and ate the chicken."

LABOR

NOT ON HIS OWN TIME

A group of laborers were eating their midday meal and skylarking around, when one of them let out a yell. Another one asked, "Hey, what's the matter, Jim?"

"Got a bloomin' splinter in my finger."

"Well, why don't you pull it out?"

"What, on my own time? Not much!"

IF HE HAD BEEN THERE

There was a "hard boiled" foreman on a construction job in a big city. He was constantly after his men, urging them to work

faster. The men got tired of it, and one of them said:

"Hey, boss, let up on us; this job don't have to be done to-day. Rome wasn't built in a day, neither."

"I know it wasn't," said the foreman. "But that was because I wasn't boss on the job."

VERY SARCASTIC

One of the workmen on a construction job went to the timekeeper, and asked for his time. "What are you quittin' for, Mike?" asked the timekeeper.

"I ain't goin' to work no more with a foreman that's as sarcastic as that feller we got here," said the worker.

"What did he say?"

"I told him this mornin' that I saw a snail on the road as I was comin' to work, an' he said, 'You must 'a' met him.'"

NOT TO BE MONKEYED WITH

A farmer was driving with his young son along the road, and was showing the lad how expert he was with the whip. After he had performed various feats, the boy said:

"Father, flick that apple off the tree with the whip." And the farmer did so. Then the lad

said, "There's a horseshoe lying on the road in front of us; pick that up with the whip," and again the farmer showed his skill.

They drove on, and the boy pointed out to his father a wasps' nest on the limb of a tree. "Let's see you take that off the tree with the whip, dad," said he.

"Nothing doing," replied the farmer; "they're organized."

HIS SHARE OF THE WORK

A householder sent for a plumber to look over some repairs, and, of course, the boss plumber took along a "helper" to assist him in sizing up the job. The helper was a novice, and his conscience troubled him as he stood about doing nothing. Finally he said:

"Say, boss, do you put in my time on this job as well as your own?"

"Sure," said the boss.

"But I ain't doin' nothing," said the "helper."

His boss gave him a look of scorn, and handed him a lighted candle. "Here," he said, "if you must be so darned conscientious, blow that out."

NOT ON THE JOB

There was a lumber boss up in Maine who was famous throughout the north woods for

his ability to keep his men on the job. In fact, he was a good deal of a slave driver.

One day he was superintending some men who were floating logs down a river, when he slipped between two of the logs and fell into the water. He would have been drowned if it had not been for one of his men, who fished him out.

The boss said never a word to the man, but went off to dry his clothing. When he came back to work, near the man who had saved him, the latter said: "Well, boss, you had a pretty close shave. Lucky for you I saw you fall into the water."

"If you'd been watchin' your work you wouldn't 'a' seen me fall in," said the boss.

LEGAL

BAD EXAMPLE

After serving a week on a jury, a man was asked:

"You must have listened to so much law in the past week that you are almost a lawyer yourself now."

"Yes," said the juryman, "I am so full of law that I'm going to find it hard to keep from cheating people after I get back to business."

THE PLACE FOR JUSTICE

In front of the courthouse in one of our big cities there is a beautiful figure of Justice, with her scales. A group of lawyers was standing on the steps of the building, when a disappointed litigant came out. He approached the lawyers, and asked:

"Say, what do you call that statue?"

"That," said one of the lawyers, "is Justice."

"Too darned bad they don't let her come inside," said the disappointed man.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

In an English court, the judge had ruled several times against an attorney, and the lawyer decided that it was no use to continue in the case. So he started to pack up his books and papers, as though he were preparing to leave the courtroom.

The judge interrupted him with, "Mr. Counsellor, are you trying to show your contempt of this court?"

"No, your Lordship," replied the attorney, "I am trying to conceal it!"

WOULD CALL IT SO, ANYWAY

A lawyer was trying to explain to a jury the difference between an accident and the natural consequence of an antecedent event.

"Suppose," he said, "that someone were to hit me in the eye, and it were to turn black as a result. You would not call that an accident, would you?"

Here the judge interrupted. "Perhaps not, counsellor," he said. "But *you* would doubtless call it an accident."

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE DONE

A man was charged with a serious offense against the laws of the State, and had the good sense to hire a good lawyer to defend him. As a result he was acquitted, and he was very grateful.

After the acquittal, he paid the lawyer's fee, and said:

"I am deeply grateful to you. In fact, I do not know what I would have done without you."

"I know what you would have done," said the lawyer. "You would have done ten years in the penitentiary."

IN LEGAL LANGUAGE

A prominent lawyer died, and many of his professional brethren assembled at the church in which the funeral services were being held. One of them, however, was late, and did not

arrive until the minister had begun his sermon.

Taking his seat quietly, he leaned over and whispered to his neighbor:

"Pardon me, but what part of the services have they reached?"

"Just opening for the defence," was the answer.

KEEPING THE COURT'S MIND OPEN

In a magistrate's court in one of our smaller cities, the judge listened patiently while the attorney for the plaintiff presented his case for the consideration of the court. When he had finished his argument, the lawyer for the defendant rose to speak.

"What are you going to do?" the judge asked.

"Why," the lawyer answered, "I am going to present to your honor the side of the defendant in this case."

"I don't want to hear both sides of a case argued," said the judge; "it has a tendency to confuse the court."

THE LAWYER'S BUSINESS

One day a lawyer was in his office, when a man entered and said that he desired to engage the lawyer as his attorney in a suit.

"Sit down," said the lawyer, "and tell me all the facts in the case."

When the client had finished, the attorney asked, "Are all those things you have told me true?"

"Oh, yes," said the client, "I thought it best to tell you the truth and let you put in the lies yourself."

EXCEPT THE JUDGES

On one occasion, the late Joseph H. Choate, of New York, who was one of the most distinguished lawyers of America, was received with high honors by his brothers of the British bar. They gave him a dinner which was attended by most of the leading attorneys and high judges of England.

He arose to reply to the complimentary remarks that had been made about him, and he began his address by saying:

"Fellow attorneys—I may call you such, for we are all lawyers here this evening, except the judges."

WOULD BE BUSY

In a court of lower jurisdiction of New York a poor woman brought suit against a rich

man but, having only a poor case, she was defeated, greatly to the disappointment of her attorney. Gathering up his books and papers after the hearing of the case, he said, sadly:

"My poor client is not likely to get justice done her until Judgment Day."

"Well, counsellor," said the court, "if I have time on that day I shall be pleased to plead her case myself."

"I am afraid that Your Honor is likely to have troubles of his own on that day," said the lawyer.

QUALIFIED

There was, in New York City, a young lawyer just starting in practice who was having hard sledding. He was told that there might be an opening for a lawyer in Alabama, and got the name and address of one of the leading merchants in that state. He wrote to the Alabama man, telling the circumstances, and saying:

"I am a Republican in politics and an honest young lawyer. What chance would I have in your State?"

The reply he got read:

"If you are a Republican, the game laws

will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

TOO FAR APART

At a civic dinner in one of the larger American cities, all of the great men of the city were present—ministers and lawyers and public officials and railroad men and others. It chanced that a railroad man and his counsel and a clergyman sat together.

The lawyer turned to the minister and said:

"Doctor, why don't you persuade this railroad president here to give you a pass on his road? You could repay him by giving him a pass to Heaven."

"Oh, no," replied the minister, "I would never do that!"

"Why not?"

"Because I wouldn't want to separate him so far from his counsel."

HELPING THE JUDGE

In the New York Supreme Court, one day, there was a young lawyer who was arguing an intricate point of law, when he became confused and involved in reasoning that was beyond his depth. The justice, who was a kindly man and sympathetic with young counsellors,

noticed that he was floundering, and said, gently:

"If the learned counsel will go back a little in his argument, and repeat some of his statements, the court will be better able to follow his line of thought."

"I noticed that you were not following me," said the young attorney. "But if Your Honor will listen closely I shall try to make my argument so clear that even Your Honor will have no difficulty in following me."

MISTAKES, BIG AND LITTLE

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, the minister asked, "Do you ever make any mistakes in your pleadings?" "Oh, yes," the lawyer replied. "And what do you do in those cases?" "Well," said the lawyer, "if they are important mistakes I correct them, and if they are small ones I pay no attention to them, but just go on. And do you ever make any mistakes in your preaching?"

"Oh, yes," said the clergyman, "and I observe the same rule as you do. For instance, one Sunday not long ago I meant to say to my congregation that the devil is the father of all liars and my tongue slipped and I said 'all lawyers' instead. But the mistake was so small that I let it go at that."

WHERE IT WENT

A man accused of stealing two thousand dollars went to a lawyer to retain him for his defense. The lawyer said:

"Now that you are here, you had better make a clean breast of it to me. Did you take the two thousand dollars?"

"I did," said the client.

"How much of it is left?"

"I've got only ten dollars of it left."

The lawyer rose and buttoned his coat. "In that case," he said, "you had better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I suppose I'll have to," said the man. "How much for that advice?"

"Ten dollars," said the lawyer.

A LEFT-HANDED BLESSING

In an Eastern city, the members of the bar association held their annual dinner, and invited an aged and eminent clergyman to say grace after the meal. The minister was somewhat hard of hearing, and told the presiding officer to give him a signal, by raising his hand, when it was time for invocation of the blessing.

The president arose and said to the company:

"I regret to have to refer to the recent losses of so many eminent brethren from among our ranks. Since we last met, no less than ten of the most able and eminent attorneys of this city have passed away." And inadvertently, forgetting for the moment his arrangement with the minister, he raised his hand in a gesture of sorrow.

The minister arose and said:

"For this and every other mercy, the Lord's holy name be praised!"

SHREWD LAWYER, SHREWDER CLIENT

Sometimes a lawyer is far too shrewd for his own good, as the following story about a Chicago attorney shows:

He had a client who was charged with murder, and got a verdict of acquittal on the ground of temporary insanity. The lawyer tried in vain to get the client to pay his bill, receiving nothing but promises.

One day, several months after the trial, he met his former client on the street. "Say," asked the lawyer, "how about that $500 you owe me?"

"What $500?" said the other fellow.

"Why, my fee for getting you off on that murder charge."

"Did I promise to pay you $500? I don't remember."

"You surely did."

"Well, you know I was crazy then," said the other fellow.

PRETTY HIGH FEE

When Roscoe Conkling, who afterwards became a celebrated lawyer and a United States Senator, started in practice in New York, he was, like many another young lawyer, glad to accept a retainer in any kind of case. He was called upon to defend a man charged with murder, and, despite his efforts, the man was convicted and hanged. When Conkling presented his bill to the family, they refused to pay it, saying that it was too high.

Conkling laid the facts before Charles O'Conor, then one of the leaders of the New York bar, and asked his opinion concerning the proper size of the fee.

"Well, counsellor," said O'Conor, "considering the time you spent on the case, the amount of study you gave it, and your earnest efforts in behalf of the man, I do not think that your bill was too high. But don't you think that he might have been hanged for a little less money?"

GETTING IT DIRECT

In a suit for damages, a lawyer was examining a grown-up boy who was a witness in a case. The lawyer was trying to discredit the boy's testimony, and asked him:

"Have you any occupation?"

"No," said the boy.

"Don't you do any work at all?"

"No."

"You just sit around the house and loaf?"

"I guess so."

"How about your father? Does he do anything to support his family?"

"Oh, pop does odd jobs now and then."

"Well, how does he support his family?"

"I dunno; you'd better ask him yourself—there he is, over there in the jury box."

THE LAWYER'S MISTAKE

A young lawyer was arguing a case on appeal. It was a comparatively simple matter, but the attorney was talking at great length, expounding the legal principles involved, and going back to the time of Justinian, or even further, for his precedents. The judge became impatient, and said:

"I should suggest, counsellor, that you get down to the facts in your case."

"Presently, Your Honor," said the lawyer, and he continued his argument.

The judge soon became impatient again, and broke into the stream of talk to say:

"May I suggest to the learned counsellor that he assume that the court is familiar with the elementary principles of law involved in this matter?"

"No, Your Honor," said the lawyer, "that was the mistake I made in the lower court!"

LEGAL ADVICE

One of the most prominent lawyers of America was walking one day through a small village near his country home, and was attracted by the sale of the effects of a poor widow, whose home was being sold at auction. The article that was being put up was a sugar bowl. When it had been sold, the widow said to the purchaser:

"Wait a moment; don't take it yet. I want to take out the sugar and put it into something else."

But the purchaser, who was the village skinflint, objected. He said that when he bought the sugar bowl the contents went with it. An argument ensued. The purchaser looked about the room, and spied the lawyer. He said:

"There's Mr. Atterbury, our neighbor, who is a lawyer; I'll leave it to him. Haven't I a right to the sugar as well as the bowl, Mr. Atterbury?"

The lawyer got up in his best court room manner and delivered a long address, citing legal precedents and authorities, to the effect that undoubtedly the sugar must go with the bowl. Thereupon the old skinflint, rubbing his hands in glee, said to the widow, "There, didn't I tell you so?" And he grabbed the bowl.

But Mr. Atterbury had more to say. He turned to the purchaser and said:

"Wait a moment; you asked my legal advice, in the presence of all these witnesses, and you got it. My fee, sir, is one hundred dollars. And unless you pay me on the spot, sir, I shall bring suit against you for the full amount and costs."

The old skinflint saw that he was caught, and paid the cash—which, of course, the lawyer turned over immediately to the poor woman.

MEN AND WOMEN

HOW HE SURVIVED

An old man was asked to what he attributed his long life.

"Well," he said, "for the first seventy years of my life there were no autos—and since that time I have been unable to leave the house."

A SHORT-TERM INVESTMENT

An old man complained of a toothache, and his wife went with him to the dentist's. The latter examined the tooth, and advised that a gold filling be placed in it.

"But, doctor," said the woman, "do you think that it is worth while putting a gold filling in the tooth, at his age?"

NOT WELL PUT

At a reception a rather stout woman felt faint, and asked a young man to fetch a glass of water for her. She thanked him, saying, "That was very kind of you."

"Oh, that was nothing," he replied. "Many a time when I was a youngster I earned admission to the circus by carrying water for the elephant."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

A man and his wife gave a house party during Christmas week. One of the guests, desiring to talk with the host, and not finding him about the house, said to the hostess:

"Where is John?"

"Well," she replied, "if the ice is as thick as John thinks it is, he is skating; and if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming."

THE ORIGIN OF WOMEN

A minister was invited to dinner at a farmer's house, and the housewife prepared some ribs of pork as the main dish.

At the table the minister lifted one of the ribs on his fork and said:

"Here's what you women were made of."

"Yes, and from the same kind of animal," said the woman.

SHE CONFESSED ALL

A woman was arraigned before a magistrate on a charge of shooting her sweetheart.

The judge said:

"You say that you are not guilty, yet the description of the woman who did the shooting fits you perfectly—beautiful, regular features, fine complexion, wonderful figure——"

"Don't say anything more, judge," the woman interrupted. "I confess."

ONLY AN ERROR

Bossuet, the famous French preacher, was preparing to enter his pulpit one Sunday, when a young woman came to him and said that she

desired his advice. Her conscience troubled her, she said; she had looked in her mirror longer than usual that morning, thinking how pretty she was.

He said to her, gently:

"Go in peace, my child; a mistake is not a sin."

KEEPING COOL

Some men have the happy faculty of keeping cool under any circumstances. There was, for instance, the man who was awakened by his wife in the middle of the night. She said:

"John, John, get up! There's a fire in the town, and the whole place is burning up! I can see the flames from the window."

The man got up, went to each of the four walls of the room, in turn, and placed his hand on them. Then he said, "The walls aren't warm yet," and he went back to his pillow.

SAVING IT

Some years ago, before wireless was as well known as it is now, a pretty young woman went to the office of the wireless company and said to the operator:

"My husband is in London, and I want to send him a kiss by wireless. Can you send it to him?"

"Oh, certainly," said the operator. "Just you give it to me, and I'll see that he gets it."

The woman took a good look at him and answered:

"No, I think I'll wait until the morning, and send it by the day operator. He's much better looking than you are."

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

Three people were leaving a trolley car. The first one, a young woman, dropped her purse, and the second one, a young man, picked it up and put it in his pocket. This was seen by the third traveler, another woman. As all three reached the sidewalk, the second woman tapped the young man on the shoulder, and said:

"Young man, I saw you take that purse, and unless you give it back immediately I shall call an officer and have you arrested."

"All right," said the young man. And he turned to the first young woman and said:

"Mary, you've dropped your purse with my week's salary in it. You know, I've warned you lots of times to be more careful."

WHY HE DIDN'T DODGE

A woman evangelist was preaching about domestic happiness, and the necessity of per-

fect trust between man and wife. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"There's a man in this audience who has been lying to his wife! I am going to throw this hymn book straight at his head!"

And she made a motion as though to throw the book. Every man in the audience ducked save one, who sat still.

"Ah," she said, "I am glad to see that there is one man here who tells the truth to his wife!"

But the man still sat perfectly still. He was deaf and dumb.

NONE OF THEM WANTED IT

The head nurse of a large city hospital had left, and five of the nurses applied to the superintendent for the post. He was in a quandary, because they were all well qualified and had equal claims to the job.

He called them together, and said:

"As you all know, I can appoint only one of you to be head nurse, and as you are all capable of filling the position, I do not know what to do. I shall therefore distribute these five slips of paper among you, and each of you must write her name on a slip, with her correct age, place the slip in a sealed envelope, and

hand it to me. I shall appoint the oldest of you five."

The new head nurse was appointed from the outside.

"TIME FOR ALL THINGS"

Sam Jones, the famous revivalist of other days, was once denouncing women for spending more time in adorning themselves—"prinking," he called it—than in prayer.

"If there is one woman in front of me who spends more time in praying than in prinking, I want her to stand up so that all the other women present may see her and profit by her example!" he shouted.

One woman arose. She was a sorry looking specimen. Whatever beauty she may have had at one time had faded long before, her hair was unkempt, and her dress was in the mode of a forgotten day.

The preacher gazed at her a moment. Then he said, gently:

"Sister, I think you had better go home and spend a little of your time prinking."

QUICK WIT

"I don't like that woman," said a man to his

wife when a caller was announced, "and I'm going upstairs until she leaves."

"All right, my dear," said the woman, and she went to the door to greet the visitor.

The man waited upstairs for a long time, until he thought that the caller must surely have gone away. Then he called down from upstairs to his wife:

"Jane, has that horrible old bore gone yet?"

Of course, the caller was still there. But the wife was quick-witted. She called back:

"Yes, my dear, she left more than an hour ago. Mrs. A. is here now."

COULD WEEP ANYWHERE

A man went to a photographer, and asked permission to look over the stock of pictures. This was granted, and he looked over a great many before he said:

"No, I don't see anything here like what I want."

"Why, what do you want?" asked the photographer.

"I want a picture of a man weeping on a grave."

The picture taker said that was a strange request, and asked for an explanation. He was told that the visitor had been engaged to a

girl who had died, and he wanted a picture of himself weeping on her grave. This touched the photographer's heart, and he offered to take his camera to the girl's grave, and take the picture there.

"Oh, no," said the man, "I'm afraid that would cost too much. She's buried on the other side, in Germany. But I thought maybe you could fix up a grave here in your studio, and I could sit down and cry on it here. I can weep anywhere."

GAVE HERSELF AWAY

At the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, in France, there is a rule, many centuries old, to the effect that no woman may be entertained there or indeed cross the threshold. Of course, several times women have tried to enter the monastery in disguise, but they have always been detected. There was one woman, however, who actually got as far as the dinner table of the father superior of the monastery.

She was a princess, young and slim, and she disguised herself as a boy when she visited the monastery with her husband. He introduced her as his friend, and the father superior received them and invited them to dinner. During the meal something made him suspect that

he was "entertaining an angel unawares." So he waited his time until the three were deep in conversation, then, suddenly calling out "Catch!" to the young woman, he tossed an apple to her. Instinctively she made a motion to seize her skirt to catch the apple in it—but, of course, the skirt was not there. And with deep regret, the father superior said, he was compelled to ask her to leave at once.

A USELESS FIGHT

Going on a railway journey a woman tried to take her pet dog into a parlor coach and was told that that was strictly against the rules. "You will have to put that dog in the baggage car, madame," said the conductor.

But she would not consent to having the baggage man take care of the animal, so the conductor told her that the only thing to do was to ride with the dog in the smoking car. She went, accordingly, to the smoker and found a seat directly behind a man who was smoking an exceptionally strong pipe. She objected to the odor and asked the man to stop smoking the pipe, but he stood on his rights as a smoker. She stood it as long as she could and then reached over, snatched the pipe from his mouth and threw it out of the window.

Naturally, that made the smoker mad, and he retaliated by reaching back, grabbing the dog and throwing it out of the window after the pipe. Then it was the woman's turn to become madder, and she told the man in plain language what she thought of him.

In a short time they reached the end of the road, and the woman was met by her husband. She told him what had happened, and he approached the other man with, "Did you throw my wife's dog out of the car window?" "I did," said the traveler, and got a punch in the nose. They were having a lively little fight when someone cried, "Oh, look what's coming!"

Everyone looked. It was the dog trotting along with the pipe in his mouth.

MINISTERS

NAME ONLY

Henry Ward Beecher received, one April Fool's Day, an envelope containing a single sheet of paper. On it was written, "April Fool."

He said: "I have often received letters without signatures, but this is the first time I have received one from a man who sends nothing but his signature."

EXPECTING TOO MUCH

As a man and his wife were leaving church one Sunday morning, the man said:

"I didn't think much of the sermon to-day, did you?"

"Well, it may not have been so very good," said the woman, "but how much of a sermon did you expect for a suspender button?"

BELIEVING THE MINISTER

In a certain city church there is a minister to whom the "gift of tongues" has been given, and his eloquent preaching draws large congregations. Among his regular hearers is a young woman member of his congregation who is enthusiastic about her pastor.

"Oh, how I love to hear Doctor Blank preach!" she said. "I never tire of listening to him. Do you know, you would think that every word he said was true!"

NO MORE "CONFIDENCE"

Cardinal Manning, the English churchman, was the author of a book called "Confidence in God." One day, requiring a copy for his own use, he called at a book shop for it.

The clerk called downstairs to the keeper of

the storeroom. "One copy of Manning's 'Confidence in God!'"

In a few moments the answer came up the stairs:

"Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone."

HEARD THE CALL

Most preachers have, of course, a genuine call to follow their sacred ministry, but there are a few who are attracted by other reasons. One such was a colored man of whom the late Booker T. Washington used to tell.

The darky was working in a cotton field. He stopped and looked up to the sky. "Oh, Lawd," he said, "de sun am so hot, de cotton am so ha'd to pick an' de wuk am so stiddy, I feels a call ter preach!"

EXPERT NEEDED

A small boy had swallowed a coin, and his mother was much alarmed. She said to her husband, "Quick! quick! send for the doctor!"

"No," said the man, "I think we ought to send for the minister."

"Oh, William," exclaimed the woman, "do you think our poor boy is going to die?"

"Oh, no," replied her husband, "but our minister can get money out of anybody!"

A LONG SERMON

A woman took her little boy to church for the first time, and the lad, not being used to the services, fell asleep after the minister had been preaching about half an hour. The mother tried several times to keep him awake, but it was hopeless, so she let him slumber on.

After the boy had had his nap, he woke up. The minister was still preaching. "Mother," said the boy, "is this still the same Sunday, or is it next Sunday?"

A LIMITED ENLISTMENT

At a revival meeting, a minister called for volunteers for the army of the Lord. "Stand up, stand up!" he said. "Come, enroll in the army of Heaven!"

Everybody stood up but one man.

"Brother," said the preacher, "don't you want to enlist in the army of the Lord?"

"Well," said the reluctant one, "I'm willing to enlist if He don't call on me to do anything dishonorable."

GIVING HIM CREDIT

In a fashionable church, a visiting minister was relating some of his experiences in the slums. He told of visiting the homes of poor

families, and made an eloquent plea for help for the children.

After his address, a member of the congregation said to him:

"Oh, Doctor Blank, I'm sure we have all enjoyed so much your talk about the poor children! And some of the things you have told us are quite true, I suppose?"

SPOKEN AS A BROTHER

There was a curate of the Church of England who was always "putting his foot in it," and embarrassing those about him, as well as himself, by his awkward remarks. One day he and another clergyman were fellow guests at a social function, and he was again guilty.

When they left, the other clergyman said to him:

"See here, B——, why must you always be making such thoughtlessly foolish remarks? To-day you were perfectly asinine. Now, I am speaking to you as a brother——"

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

A minister was trying hard to get a donation for his church from a stubborn millionaire. The rich man said: "You know, Mr. Preacher, that I am not a member of your church; in fact, I do not believe in attending any church."

"Why not?" asked the minister.

"Well, if you must know, I do not go to church because I believe there are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, don't let that keep you back," said the preacher. "There's always room for one more, you know."

"JUST HAPPENED"

Henry Ward Beecher, the famous preacher, and Robert G. Ingersoll, the agnostic, were warm personal friends—although, of course, they disagreed on religious matters, and especially on the question of the creation of the universe.

A friend of the preacher's presented to him a beautiful celestial globe, showing the sun and moon, the planets and the stars. It was a wonderful piece of work, and Ingersoll admired it greatly. He said to Beecher, "Who made it?"

"Nobody," said the minister; "it just happened."

CAUSE FOR THANKS

Two men were close personal friends, notwithstanding that one of them was a devout churchman and the other a professed atheist.

"We're going to have a famous preacher at our church next Sunday," said the first man, "and I'd like to have you hear him."

"I'll go," said the atheist.

After the services, the church member asked:

"Well, what did you think of the services?"

"Oh, they were all right," said the atheist. "He's a good preacher—but, thank God, I'm still an atheist!"

SURE OF A GOOD SEAT

Two clergymen of adjoining parishes, of the same denomination, were accustomed to exchange pulpits occasionally. One Sunday, as one of them was leaving his neighbor's church, one of the parishioners said:

"Oh, doctor, I dearly love to have you visit our church. I wish you would come more often."

The minister was pleased, of course, and said so.

"Oh, yes," said the woman; "you see, I'm a little hard of hearing, and when you come I am always sure of getting a good seat."

SCARED THEM AWAY

Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous naturalist, told a preacher friend one day that he

could attract squirrels to himself, no matter how wild the little animals were, by singing to them.

"But the other day," said the naturalist to the minister, "a strange thing happened. I drew some of the squirrels to me by singing popular songs to them, but no sooner did I try 'Old Hundred' on them than they all scampered back to the trees and climbed to the highest boughs."

"That's easily explained," said the preacher. "They must have thought you were going to take up a collection."

TO A HIGHER POWER

In a wealthy city church there was a parishioner who was very active in church work, but who presumed somewhat on his wealth and social position; in fact, he was fond of offering advice to the minister himself.

One Sunday morning, after service, he said to the preacher:

"Doctor, I did not like your prayer this morning. I thought it was quite long, you repeated too many words, and there were some expressions in it that I thought were not warranted."

"But, my dear Mr. Blank," said the minister, "you must remember that the prayer was not directed to you."

NATURAL RESULT

A visitor from the North attended services in a colored church, and after the sermon said to the preacher:

"Seems to me you didn't have much of a congregation today."

"No, sah, de attendance wasn't so ve'y auspicious, sah."

"They don't pay you very much salary, I suppose?"

"Dey pays me only fifty cents for preachin' mah Sunday sermon, sah."

"That's darned poor pay for a sermon."

"I knows it, sah—an' all dey gets is a darned poor sermon."

NO DIFFERENCE IN RELIGION

It was in a London drawing room that an argument arose about the merits of various religions, and in a short time some of the voices were rising high above the others. An author who was present feared that the argument might develop into a quarrel. He raised his

own voice and said, so that all present might hear him:

"All intelligent people are of the same religion!"

One of the company asked:

"And what is that religion?"

"That," was the answer, "is something that intelligent people never tell."

RELIGION SLIGHTLY MIXED

There was a clergyman of the Church of England who was expecting a visit from his bishop at a confirmation, and, naturally, the minister wanted to have everything letter perfect. He feared some mishap if the bishop should happen to put questions to one of the confirmants. She was an elderly woman, and very ignorant.

The minister labored with her for weeks. Just before the time for the confirmation arrived, he thought that he had her pretty well drilled, and asked her:

"Now, my good friend, I am sure that you understand thoroughly and believe in all the articles of our faith, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "and I heartily renounces 'em all!"

HIGH MOTIVE

A minister was in his study when a servant announced that a young man wanted to see him on an urgent errand.

When the young man had entered, he said to the minister:

"Say, I want to join your church."

By questioning, the minister ascertained that his visitor belonged to a different religion. He told him that he would have to undergo a course of instruction before being admitted to the minister's church, but the young man was insistent on joining right away.

"What is your hurry?" asked the preacher.

"My family has 'done me dirt,'" said the young man, "and I want to disgrace them."

A FOND FAREWELL

A country preacher was saying farewell to his congregation, with whom his career had been stormy. In his farewell sermon, he said:

"Brothers and sisters, the time has come for me to say good-by to you. I will not say that I leave you with reluctance. I do not believe that you love me, since you have never paid my salary. You do not love one another, because you never marry. It seems that the Lord does not love you, because he has never called any

of you to Himself. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' says the Good Book, and the only donations you have made to me have been moldy prunes and wormy apples. Brothers and sisters, I have been called to a better place. 'Where I go ye cannot go, but I go to prepare a place for ye.' I am going to be the chaplain at the penitentiary. Good-by."

AN INTERRUPTED PRAYER

In a discussion between an English squire and a church beadle, the squire maintained that no one could pray without having the mind wander. "My mind never wanders during prayer," said the beadle.

"If you will come to me next Monday and tell me honestly that your mind did not wander once from your prayers on Sunday," said the squire, "I will give you one of the best horses in my stable."

On the following Monday the beadle presented himself for the horse. "Are you sure your mind did not wander once during the prayers?" asked the squire.

"Well, perhaps it did, once, at the end of the last prayer," said the beadle, "when I wondered whether you would give me a saddle with the horse."

BETTER OUT THAN IN

"Sam," said a Southern white clergyman to his colored servant on a Sunday morning, "I am not feeling well this morning, and I don't think I shall be able to conduct the services. I wish you would go and ask Mr. Jones to announce that I shall not attend church."

Sam knew, however, that his master had spent much time and thought on the preparation of his sermon, and induced him to try to preach. The minister let himself be persuaded, and managed to get through the services. On his return, Sam said to him:

"How do you feel now, sah?"

"Much better, Sam, thank you."

"There," said Sam, "I knowed you'd feel better once you had dat dere sermon outer your system."

NOT THE PROPER TUNE

A minister, having hired two men by the day to paint his house, was shocked on hearing them sing a lively tune as they worked, and seeing them move their brushes up and down in time with the music.

"Don't you think," he said to them, "that it would be more seemly, as you are painting the house of a minister of the gospel, to sing a hymn as you work?"

Thereupon the painters changed their air to one that was sung in the slow time of religious music. Naturally, as they sang slowly, their brushes moved slowly, in keeping with the music.

The parson watched them for a few minutes. Then he said: "I have changed my mind, boys. I think you had better go back to the lively music."

A WISE LAD

Billy Sunday, the famous revivalist, said that once he was to conduct a service in a town in which he had never been before. On alighting from the train he found in his pocket a letter he had forgotten to mail. He hailed a nearby newsboy, and asked:

"Son, can you tell me the way to the post-office?"

"Sure," said the boy, and he gave the preacher directions for reaching the office.

Sunday thanked him, and asked: "Do you know who I am?"

"No," answered the lad.

"Well, I'm Billy Sunday, and I'm going to preach here tonight. You come up to the service, and I'll show you the way to Heaven."

"Ah, gwan!" said the "kid." "You didn't even know the way to the postoffice!"

NAVY, NOT ARMY

A Methodist minister was conducting a revival meeting, and said to his congregation:

"You are enlisted not for a battle, or a campaign, or a war against sin, but for life. I call upon everyone who will join the army of the Lord to stand up."

Everyone stood up but one man in the back of the church.

"Brother," said the minister to him, "don't you want to enlist in the army of Heaven?"

"I'm already in the army," said the man.

"Which army?" asked the preacher.

"The Baptist army," was the answer.

"You are not in the army; you are in the navy," said the minister.

TOO MUCH MONEY

The late Admiral Robley D. Evans, better known as "Fighting Bob," found himself one Sunday morning in a city far from home, and wanted to attend services. He went into a fashionable church, and was ushered into a pew, the usher evidently believing that its owner would not appear that morning.

However, he did come, and made his way unushered to his pew. He became indignant

at finding a stranger there, but retired to the church door without saying a word to the admiral, who had not seen him. Calling an usher, the pewholder took out his card, penciled a few words on it, and directed the usher to take the card to the intruder. The admiral read the card, on which was written:

"Sir, I pay a thousand dollars a year for that pew."

The admiral took his pencil and wrote on the card:

"You pay too damned much."

NOT A THOROUGH PROCESS

There was a great revival meeting at the colored Baptist church, and the minister was exhorting his congregation and the stranger within the gates, to be saved.

"Come up to the altar ob de Lawd," he shouted, "all you sinners what wants to hab deir sins washed away!"

They were swayed by his eloquence, and all moved forward save one man. The minister saw him remain in his seat, and called upon him to stand. "Brudder Jones," he said, "although you is a Methodist, don't you want to hab your sins washed away?"

"Dey hab been washed away, parson," said Jones.

"War has dat been done, Brudder Jones?"

"Ovah at mah own chu'ch, parson."

"Your sins hab not been washed away, Brudder Jones. You has just been dry cleaned."

GETTING OUT OF A HOLE

When Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the ex-Kaiser, visited New York, great receptions were given in his honor, and among the invited guests was the late Archbishop Corrigan, head of the Roman Catholics of the city. Some of his parishioners did not think it was proper for the prelate to accept the invitation in honor of the prince, whose brother was head of the state Protestant church of Prussia.

It happened that at that time the pavement at the Cathedral of Saint Patrick in New York was undergoing repairs, and the archbishop, one evening shortly before the reception, slipped and fell into the excavation, injuring himself slightly, but sufficiently to prevent his attendance at the ceremonies for Prince Henry.

One of the archbishop's parishioners said:

"That was a great idea of the archbishop's —to get himself out of one hole by falling into another."

HAD HIS DOUBTS

Andrew Carnegie was traveling once in the South, and in a little town, one Sunday morning, he dropped in to worship at a colored church. The simple faith and devout spirit of the worshipers pleased him greatly, and when the collection plate came around he placed on it a hundred-dollar bill. The deacon's eyes opened wide when he saw the bill, and when he had finished the collection he hurried to the pulpit and held a consultation, in a low voice, with the preacher. The latter addressed the congregation:

"Brudders an' sisters, de Lawd has been very good to us today. De collection am three dollars an' fifty cents, not includin' in dat sum de hundred-dollar bill put in de plate by the white gentleman who has done favored us wid his presence here today. An' if de hundred-dollar bill am good, de collection am one hundred an three dollars an' fifty cents. Brudders an' sisters, let us pray dat de bill am a good one!"

WHO CAME FIRST?

The colored preacher was explaining the creation of the world.

"Bredderin and sisterin," he said, "w'en de good Lawd done finished makin' de first man,

outer de mud ob de earth, he stood him up against a picket fence to dry before proceedin' wid de makin' ob de first woman."

Here one of his congregation interrupted him. "Parson," he said, "I'd like to ask a question."

"State your question, brother."

"How come, if dat wuz de first man de Lawd made, dere was any picket fence for him to be leaned up against? Who made dat dere picket fence?"

The preacher gazed at him reproachfully for a moment. Then he said:

"Bredderin an' sisterin, it am jest such questions as dat dat ruins religion."

PRAYED FOR "DAVID"

In a little Scotch town there was a minister who was very charitable, and spent a good deal of his time in visiting poor families in the surrounding country. Once he called upon a poor widow with a large family, and he asked her the usual questions—how she was getting along, whether she needed any help, whether the family were all well, and so on.

"Thank you kindly," said the woman, "we are all well save David; he has a sore on his leg, and cannot work well."

The minister did not recall who David was, but did not like to ask for fear of hurting the widow's feelings. He said: "I shall offer a prayer for David, that he may recover soon." And accordingly he knelt and prayed for David's recovery.

When he returned home, he told his wife of his visit to the poor widow, and asked:

"Which of the sons is David?"

The woman burst into a fit of laughter. "David is not one of the sons; David is the donkey!" she said.

NOT TRUSTWORTHY

A colored man who found himself very "hard up" at one time, took to his knees to pray for help. It chanced that as he was praying his pastor went past his cabin, and overheard the prayer. The negro said:

"Oh, Lawd, yo' knows dat I is very poor, and dat unless I gets fifty dollars right away me an' my family is goin' to suffer. So I prays to yo', Lawd, to send de fifty dollars, and send it right away."

The preacher was touched by the plea, and went about among the members of his congregation and raised as much as he could, which was forty-two dollars. This he placed in an

envelope and took to the poor man, saying: "Here, Sam, de good Lawd done hea'd yo' prayer." Then he left, but as he was going away he overheard the negro praying again:

"Good Lawd, I thanks yo' fo' listenin' to my prayer. But I asked for fifty dollars, an' in dis envelope which de parson left here dere is only forty-two dollars. I prays yo', Lawd, ef yo' sends me any mo' money, send it direct; don't send it through a parson."

MISCELLANEOUS

A NEW DANGER

Just as a radio announcer was beginning his talk, a mother said to her young son:

"Willie, don't you go so close to that loud speaker! That announcer talks as though he had a cold."

TRULY LAZY

"I've met many lazy men in my time," said an old man, "but I think the laziest one I ever knew was Bill Johnson, back in my home town. That man was so lazy that the only time people knew that he was alive was when they heard him snoring."

THE GREATER DANGER

On a crowded city street, filled with traffic, a man tried to beat the rules, and dodged across in front of a taxicab. He had a close shave, and the taxi chauffeur yelled at him:

"Hey, what d'ye mean, dodgin' in front of me that way? If I'd 'a' hit you I'd 'a' lost my license!"

NOTHING DONE

A recent speaker said that it was no wonder that when two persons met they almost invariably discuss the weather, because it plays so large a part in the lives of us all. But it was Mark Twain who wrote that while everyone *talks* about the weather, no one ever *does* anything about it.

A LOT OF WATER

The ocean is always an impressive sight for those who view it for the first time. A couple from the country visited a seaside city, and went down to look at the sea.

"My, what a lot of water!" said the woman.

"Yes, Mary," said the man, "and just think, we only see what's on top, too!"

VERY "DUMB"

The telephone bell rang at fire headquarters and the man in charge answered:

"Yes, this is fire headquarters."

"Say," said the voice at the other end, "there's a fire in my house, and I want you to tell me where the nearest fire alarm box is. I want to send in an alarm."

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

A poor man who had a large family of daughters was asked:

"Which would you rather have—your twelve daughters, or a million dollars?"

The man replied, "My twelve daughters," and when asked why, replied:

"A man with a million dollars never has enough—but I have."

ADVICE FROM THE REAR

"Boys," said a school principal, addressing his scholars, "the best way to succeed in life is to be earnest in whatever you do. Remember, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If you have a piece of work to do, throw yourself into it!"

A voice came from the rear of the hall. It said: "Aw, go dig a well!"

DEFINITION OF A DIPLOMAT

A boy had been reading in the newspaper about foreign affairs, and said to his father:

"Pa, what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son, is a man who, when he says 'yes,' means 'maybe,' and when he says 'maybe' means 'no'."

"And if he says 'no,' pa?"

"If he says 'no' he's not a diplomat."

ANOTHER DEFINITION

Everyone has heard some of the many definitions that have been given of the difference between the optimist and the pessimist. One of them is as follows:

"The pessimist believes that it is only the man with a pull that gets ahead. The optimist, on the other hand, thinks that it is only the man with a head that gets a pull."

NOT MUCH CHOICE

A bald-headed man and a man with red hair were twitting each other about their respective heads.

"Say," said the red-headed man, "there didn't seem to be much hair where you came from."

"Lots of hair there," said the other fellow.

"Only it was all red, and I'd rather do without any."

NOT RESIGNED

After the death of an English sporting man, a friend came to condole with the widow.

"And was he resigned to go?" asked the friend. "Did he pass away peaceful and quiet-like?"

"That he did," said the widow. "Pore Bill! He was all wore out and weakened by his long sickness. But if he 'ad 'is strength, there'd 'ave been a fine row about it!"

MUNICIPAL RIVALRY

A San Francisco man who was compelled by an unhappy fate to do business in Los Angeles went to his fruit dealer's one day, picked up a watermelon, and said with a sneer to the merchant:

"Say, is this the biggest apple you have in Los Angeles?"

Whereupon the other man yelled at him, "Hey, you, put down that grape!"

NOT ENOUGH THERE

Horace Greeley was once approached by a minister with a request for a donation to a missionary fund

"What do you want to send out missionaries for, anyway?" he said.

"Why, Mr. Greeley, to save the poor people from going to hell," said the editor.

"I won't give you a cent," he said. "Not enough people go to hell, anyway."

STARTING SMALL

A farmer married a girl from a town, and found on the return from the honeymoon that she had not the slightest idea of farm work. So he took her out to the barn to break her in at milking the cows.

But the big animals scared her, and she said:

"I don't think I'll be able to milk those big cows, John. Couldn't we just start with one of the calves?"

A MIRACLE IN COURT

A woman stopped in the street to give alms to a blind beggar. "Poor man!" she said. "Here's a penny for you. Is any other member of your family so afflicted?"

"No, ma'am; but I have a brother who is deaf."

"That's too bad!"

"It's going to be all right soon, ma'am. He's been arrested and is to get his hearing tomorrow morning."

PRETTY CROWDED

A tenement house inspector in New York visited an old rookery on the lower East Side, and found four families living in one room. They had chalked the room off into four quarters, to mark the boundaries.

"Why, how do you get along here?" the inspector asked one of the women.

"Pretty good," was the answer. "Only, do you see that woman over in the corner? Well, she insists on keeping boarders."

THE BIGGEST GOOSE

One of the great noblemen of England thought that an ostrich would be a fine ornament for his estate, and accordingly imported one from South Africa.

He was away from home one day, and received the following letter from his steward:

"Your Lordship will be pleased to learn that in your absence the ostrich has laid an egg. In the absence of Your Lordship I have had it placed under the biggest goose I could find."

FAT AND THIN

When the late William Dean Howells, the author, was consul at Venice, he was quite stout, but he was good-natured about it, like most other fat men.

He was visited one day by a friend, who was very tall and lanky. "Howells," said this man, "if I were as fat as you are, I would hang myself."

"Well," said Howells, "if I ever decide to take your advice I'll use you for the rope."

TOO LATE FOR REGRET

After being absent for many years from the Fatherland, a German-American visited the land of his birth, and the little town in which he was born gave a dinner in his honor.

He had been away so long from the old country that his knowledge of German had become decidedly rusty, so that when he tried to tell a funny story, in German, at the dinner, it fell very flat. He said to his wife:

"I vould gif a hundred dollars if dot story vas back in me!"

ONLY ONE FAULT

When the new Pension Office was built in Washington, the supervising architect, General

Meigs, took General Sheridan on a tour of inspection through the building.

After they had viewed it inside and out, Meigs said to Sheridan:

"Well, general, what do you think of it?"

"I have only one fault to find," said General Sheridan.

"What is that?" asked Meigs.

"It's fireproof."

RECIPE FOR LONG AGE

Some years ago there was a representative in Congress who had attained a ripe old age, although in his youth he had been sickly—in fact, he had been compelled to leave college when the doctors told him that he had not long to live.

A reporter asked him:

"To what do you attribute your long life?"

He answered, "To the fact that in my youth I contracted an incurable ailment, and spent my whole life nursing it."

HE SHOULD WORRY

When a man entered the barber shop which he patronized regularly, and had taken his place in the chair, he noticed that the barbers seemed to be disturbed about something.

"What's the trouble, George?" he asked.

"The boss has made a new rule," said George. "Every time one of us cuts a customer, he's going to fine him a dime, and for a bad cut we'll have to pay a dollar. But I should worry—I've just won twenty dollars on the races, anyway."

PUSH AND PULL

"As I entered this hall," said a man who was making an address to some college students, "I was reminded of the quality to which, I may say without undue modesty, some of my friends have attributed my success in business. There, my young friends, inscribed on the door, is the word 'Push.'" And the speaker motioned toward the swinging door.

A laugh went up from the students. The speaker had forgotten to notice that the other side of the door bore the word "Pull."

DESCRIBING THE ELEPHANT

Two negroes were talking over the wonders they had seen at the circus. One of them said:

"You know, the animal what I liked the best was dat feller wid de two tails, de long one in front an' de short one at de back."

"You means de elephant."

"Yes, dat am de name."

"Say, dat dere animal ain't got two tails. Dat big t'ing in front am called de trunk."

"Is dat so? Den I s'pose de little one in de back am called de vanity case."

THEY'D GET ALONG

On the south coast of England there are many villages which formerly depended for their livelihood, in part, on the wrecks cast up near them by the Channel storms. Once the crops failed in that part of England, and a minister was discussing with one of his parishioners the gloomy outlook for the Winter. "How will you get along when the cold weather comes?" he asked.

"Oh, we'll manage—with the help of God and a few wrecks," said the villager.

WHO WOULD GET IT?

In the early days of autos, before they were built as well as they are now, an intending purchaser was looking over one of the newfangled machines.

"I don't like the looks of that steering wheel," he said. "It looks weak to me."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the salesman. "If it breaks, we will give you a new one."

"Yes," said the would-be purchaser, "and who would come to get it—my heirs?"

ON A FUNERAL PIECE

One of the veteran reporters on a city newspaper died, after having served for many years at fire headquarters. The men in the fire department liked him very much, and raised a fund for a floral piece for the funeral. They gave the money to a florist, and told him to get up something appropriate.

The florist made up a piece in the shape of a gigantic fire badge. And across it, in big red letters, he put:

"Admit within fire lines."

VERY CLOSE

In a little New England city, the proprietor of the local hotel was greatly annoyed by loungers about his place, who used his stationery, his soap and other supplies, without ever contributing to the hotel till.

He stood it for a long time, until one day he saw one of the loungers look at the hotel clock and comparing his own timepiece with it. Then the hotel keeper put up a sign on the clock:

"This clock is for the use of guests only."

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS

In England, about a hundred years ago, there was a prominent man who had a large nose that turned up at the end. He was walking in the street one day, and met a boy who seized him by the nose.

"What do you mean, you young rascal?" said the indignant man.

"Oh, nothing," said the young man. "Only I left home this morning to seek my fortune, and my father told me, before I left, to be sure to seize the first thing I saw that turned up."

A TEMPORARY RÔLE

A foreign circus visited America, and had among its sideshows what the proprietor called "A Happy Family," consisting of a lion, a wolf, a tiger and a lamb, all lying down together in the same cage.

The circus manager was asked how long he had had the "Happy Family" among his attractions. "Oh, for years and years," he said.

"And are they always the same animals?" was the next question. "Oh, yes," said he; "only it is necessary to renew the lamb occasionally."

HELPED BY PROVIDENCE

"Howdy, stranger," said a farmer, sitting on a fence, to a man passing by.

"Howdy," said the other man, and he stopped for a chat. "How are crops?"

"Pretty good," said the farmer, "and luck's been good lately. Had some trees to cut down, and a cyclone came along and saved me the work. Then the lightning came and set fire to the brush, and saved me the trouble of burning it. Now I'm waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground for me."

NOT HIS, ANYWAY

A city street car was very crowded, and as it rounded a curve one of the standing passengers lurched, and stepped on the foot of a man sitting near him. He apologized, and said: "I hope that I didn't hurt you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the other man. "It's not my foot, anyway."

The standee was sure that he had stepped on the other fellow's foot, and said:

"What, it wasn't your foot?"

"No," was the answer. "It's a wooden leg, and I'm buying it on the installment plan."

MEDICO-LEGAL ADVICE

Two friends met on the street after not having seen each other for some time. One of them was using crutches.

"Hello!" said the other man. "What's the matter with you?"

"Street-car accident," said the man on crutches.

"When did that happen?"

"Oh, about six weeks ago."

"And you still have to use crutches?"

"Well, my doctor says I could get along without them, but my lawyer says I can't."

HE WON

The late Admiral Dewey was a man of great natural dignity, and men who knew him well did not take liberties with him.

He was walking one day in Washington when a "fresh" visitor to the capital city spied him. The man was a total stranger to the admiral, but that did not deter him from rushing up to the famous sailor, sticking out his hand and saying:

"Hello, George, how are you? I'll bet five dollars you don't know who I am."

"You win," said the admiral, as he walked on.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

A wealthy couple, being childless, went to the foundling asylum to adopt a baby girl. After looking over a lot of the babies, their choice fell on a pretty little blonde who, they were told, was of Swedish descent.

They were about to sign the papers of adoption, when a sudden thought struck the woman. "No," she said, "I don't think I'll take her, after all."

"Why not?" asked her husband.

"I'm afraid that when she grows up she'll say to us, "Ay tank ay t'row my yob and go home.'"

NOT ASKING MUCH

A wealthy young Frenchman let it be known that he was in need of a valet, and received many applications for the position. He selected one, but the applicants continued to appear. One man was especially persistent, even after he had been told that the place was filled.

"But, monsieur," he said, "surely so rich and generous a nobleman as yourself can use two men."

"I haven't enough for two men to do," was the answer.

"Ah, monsieur, if you only knew how little I am capable of doing!"

VERY SMALL

When the price of flour and other foodstuffs went up during the War, a baker in a small town met the emergency by making his loaves smaller and smaller. Naturally, the customers kicked, but he said that he couldn't do any better.

One of the customers was having breakfast one morning, when there came a ring at the front doorbell. "Who's there?" called the servant. "The baker with the bread," was the answer.

The customer heard him. "Tell him to put it through the keyhole," he said.

TOO MUCH KINDNESS

A farmer, on his way to town in his wagon, overtook a peddler with a heavy pack on his back. The kind-hearted farmer pulled up his horse and offered the wayfarer a ride, which was gratefully accepted.

After a while the farmer noticed that the peddler kept his pack on his back. "Why don't you relieve yourself of that load, and put it in the back of the wagon?" he asked.

"Well," said the peddler, "you have been so kind to me, and I noticed that your horse did not seem particularly strong, so I thought I would take some of the load myself."

THE REAL "RUBES"

A couple of men from the Middle West visited New York, and were shown about the city by a New Yorker. He showed them the Woolworth Building, and said:

"There, what do you rubes think about that?"

"Seems to me," said one of the Westerners, "that you folks here in New York are the real 'rubes,' and not we."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, out where we come from, the folks know all about New York, but you people here seem to know mighty little about our State."

LOGICAL

Two men were out in a rowboat. One of them was a good swimmer, while the other could barely swim a few strokes. The boat upset in a squall, and the two were thrown out into the water. The good swimmer swam first to shore, then plunged right in and swam back to save his companion, who was floundering in the water.

When the latter had recovered somewhat from the shock, he asked, "Say, why did you swim first to shore before pulling me out?"

"Why?" repeated the other man. "Say, I

had to save myself first before I could help you."

PLANTING THE SEEDS

Two suburbanites were having trouble; one of them had a garden, and his neighbor kept chickens.

One day, during a truce in the hostilities, the man with the chickens looked over the fence and saw his neighbor digging. "What are you planting?" he asked.

"Garden seeds," was the answer. But another look convinced the chicken owner that all was not right, and he said:

"Looks to me as if you were planting one of my hens."

"That's right," said the gardener; "the seeds are in the hen."

A GOOD JUDGE

A wealthy and snobbish man bought a place in the country, and, although he knew nothing about farming or animals or such subjects, he thought he could give instructions to his farmer. The two were in the barn one day, when the master said:

"Seems to me this is very poor hay you're buying."

"I assure you, sir, it is good hay. The horses eat it readily, sir."

"Nevertheless, I think it is poor hay."

"All right, sir, I'll change it. I'm sure that you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are."

HOW IT MAY BE DONE

An old man who had made a great financial success in life was asked by a young man to give the reason for his success.

"Patience, my friend," said the old man. "Anything at all in the world can be accomplished by being patient."

"There is one thing that cannot be done, even with the utmost patience," said the young man.

"What is that?"

"Carrying water in a sieve," answered the young man.

"Even that may be achieved," was the reply, "by waiting until it freezes."

OSTENTATION

A group of men were standing talking in a club. Among them was a member of the "nouveaux riches," known to the other members of the club for his ostentation.

As the men talked, something was heard to

drop on the floor. They looked down, and saw a large diamond.

"How did that get there?" said one of the men. "It isn't mine."

"Nor mine," said all the others, save the new member. He fumbled with his waistband.

"Guess it's mine, gents," he said. "I'm missing a suspender button."

"SELF MADE"

Everyone has heard stories about men who came to big cities with nothing in their pockets and died later worth millions. One day a man was bragging to a couple of his friends. He said:

"When I first came to this city I carried all my belongings in a red bandanna handkerchief. Now I own my own little home in the suburbs, and I have a good job with one of the leading wholesalers in the city."

"And what was in the handkerchief when you came here?" asked one of the hearers.

"Nothing but ten thousand dollars in cash and bonds," said the first man.

AN ORIGINAL LAW

The teacher had been explaining to her class the workings of the law of gravitation—how,

by its means, everything was able to cling to the earth, instead of flying off into space as the earth revolved on its axis.

"And I want you to remember," she said, "that this great law was discovered in the seventeenth century by one of the greatest men that ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton."

Here one of the pupils raised his hand. "What is it, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"I'd like to know," said Willie, "how the people managed to stay on the earth before Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law."

FOR FUTURE USE

After living many years a life that was not exactly passed according to the highest standards, a man retired to spend his remaining years at his country home. It was an old building and to protect it he sent to the city for a large number of fire extinguishers.

His servant placed them wherever he thought they might be needed, and found that he had about a dozen over. He went to the master and asked, "What shall I do with the remaining fire extinguishers? I have no place for them."

"Put 'em in the attic for a while," was the answer. "They'll come in handy in my coffin."

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE

There was a college professor who spent his Summer vacation on a New England farm. He liked the place, but there were, in his opinion, certain drawbacks. When the time drew near for the next vacation, he wrote to the farmer:

"I should like to bring my family to remain again for the coming Summer at your farm, but we did not like the servant girl you had last year; she was too slovenly. Besides, we think it was not sanitary for you to have your pig pen so near the house."

He received a reply which read:

"Dear Professor: Mary has went, and we ain't had no hogs since you left last September."

HE'D WIN OUT, ANYWAY

Max O'Rell, the French author who was for years a favorite lecturer in the United States, was once scheduled to speak in a small city in the Middle West. There was much curiosity about him, and the advance sale of tickets for the lecture was heavy—so much so, in fact, that O'Rell's manager called at his hotel on the afternoon of the day of the talk to pay him the $100 fee.

"But I can't take the money before delivering the lecture," said the Frenchman. "Suppose I should die before to-night?"

"Oh, that would be all right," the manager replied. "In that case I would exhibit your corpse."

TIME OF NO VALUE

Visiting a Southern State, a man from the North was walking along a road when he met a farmer accompanied by a drove of hogs. They stopped to chat, and the Northerner asked:

"Where are you taking those hogs?"

"I'm turning them loose in the woods to feed on the acorns," said the farmer.

"We don't do that in the North; we pen them up and feed them corn."

"What for?"

"Why," answered the Northerner, "that gets them fat so much faster. It saves time."

The Southerner answered: "Aw, what's time to a hog?"

WHEN THE INDIANS BACK SLID

An Eastern school teacher developed a great interest in the Indians of the West, and accepted a position to teach on one of the reser-

vations. There she worked hard to instill the elements of civilization into her charges.

On one of her visits back home she was asked:

"Do the Indians take kindly to the efforts that are being made to get them to accept the white man's ways?"

"Oh, yes," the schoolmarm answered, "but sometimes it is slow work. Do you know, the other day one of my girls brought the finger bowls to the table and actually forgot to put doilies under them!"

ALL ACCOUNTED FOR

A man and his wife, with five children, tried to find an apartment in the city, and met everywhere with the same obstacle—the landlords objected to such a large family. The couple were at their wits' end. Then the father said:

"Wife, tomorrow you take the three little ones to the cemetery, to visit your mother's grave, and I will take the other two and look for an apartment."

He found a place that suited him, and then was confronted with the question, "How many children have you?"

Before answering he heaved a deep sigh.

Then, pointing to the two youngsters, he said: "Five. But three are with their dear mother in the cemetery." He got the apartment.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Long ago there was a man who set himself up as a philosopher, and who announced that for a fee he would teach anyone how to turn stones into gold. The people flocked to his door, and he told them:

"You must take the stones, put them into a pot with enough water to cover them, and boil them for an hour. At the end of that time, take them out, and they will have turned into lumps of gold. Only, for the entire hour neither you nor anyone around you must speak a single word. And also—and this is a very important condition—during all that time you must not think of a hippopotamus. If you do, all your trouble will be in vain; the stones will remain stones."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

In France, not long ago, there was a doctor who was famous for his kindness to animals. He could not bear to be unkind to even the meanest of creatures. One day he was in his

study and was annoyed by a big bluebottle fly which buzzed on his window pane.

He called his servant. "John," he said, "catch that fly and put it outside the window."

John looked out of the window and saw that it was raining heavily. He did not wish to open the window for fear of wetting the curtains and carpet. So he said: "But, doctor, it is raining heavily."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Put him in the waiting room and let him stay there until it clears up."

BEGINNING IN A SMALL WAY

One of the wealthiest bankers of London was riding in an omnibus with a friend, and the two were earnestly engaged in conversation. Nearby sat a pickpocket, who recognized the banker, and who also noticed that the silk handkerchief of the latter was sticking out of his pocket.

He decided to try for the handkerchief. Edging over, he got the corner of the cloth between his fingers and began to draw it gently from the pocket. The banker's friend saw him and said:

"There's a fellow next to you trying to steal your handkerchief."

"I know it," said the rich man. "Let him

alone; we all have to begin in a small way, you know."

"A LITTLE LEARNING"

When a village idiot blossomed out all of a sudden in new raiment, the neighbors wondered at his prosperity.

"What's happened to you?" asked one of them.

"I won the first prize in the lottery," he answered.

"How did you come to guess the lucky number?"

"Well, three times running I dreamed of seven; so I figured it out that three times seven are twenty-four, and I bought ticket number 24. It won the first prize."

"Why, you blamed fool, three times seven is twenty-one, not twenty-four."

"Gosh, is that so?" said the village idiot. "Well, twenty-four won, anyway."

PUBLICITY

A wealthy man was seated in a restaurant, eating his dinner and reading a newspaper, when a beggar approached the table and asked for alms, saying that he had had nothing to eat all day. In order to get rid of him, the diner took a slice of bread from his pile and

handed it to him, at the same time turning back to his newspaper.

The beggar took the bread and then, lifting the newspaper, tore off a page, and wrapped the bread in it. The diner was astonished, and said:

"How dare you take my newspaper!"

"I meant no harm," replied the beggar. "You see, after such a noble deed, I thought you would want it put immediately into the paper."

FINE TOWN!

Many years ago, there was a small city in New York State which had not progressed to the point of having smooth pavements in its streets. In fact, the streets were paved with rough cobblestones.

The town was visited by a party of New Yorkers. As they walked through one of the streets they were met by a dog, barking furiously, who rushed at them as though he meant to devour the entire party. Not having a stick or anything else with which to defend himself, one of the party reached down to try to pry loose one of the cobblestones. But he could not get it up.

"This is a fine town," he said, "where they let the dogs loose and tie up the cobblestones!"

THRIFT

An American bought a place in the country, and set up for a "gentleman farmer," with the usual result—he lost a lot of money, and eventually sold his place to a German for much less than it cost him.

A few years later the former owner visited the farm, and found it in a very prosperous condition. "How is it, Fritz," he asked the German, "that you seem to be making such a go of this place, after I spent so much money here and couldn't make it pay?"

"You got too much vaste," said the thrifty German. "I vork different as you. All I raise in der fields und der garten vat I can sell, I sends to der market. Vat I can't sell I feed to der pigs. Und all dot der pigs von't eat, me und my family eats up."

BAD EFFECT

A famous after-dinner speaker, who was also very gallant to the ladies, once sat next to a charming young woman at dinner, and throughout the evening did not pay her a single compliment. His neighbor on the other side noticed the omission, and asked him about it.

"Didn't you think she was very charming?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, very charming, indeed. But the last time I paid compliments to a pretty girl the result was very bad, and I haven't got over the shock yet."

"How was that?"

"Well, I told her that she was as sweet as honey—and the very next day she had a bad attack of the hives."

VISUAL PROOF

There was a woman who found that she was gaining weight at an alarming rate, so she visited a famous hot spring, with the happy result of losing twenty pounds in a few weeks. She went home feeling good all over.

Her first visit to her home town was to her butcher's. She said to him:

"Have you a very large piece of pork in the shop?"

He answered, "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I want you to cut off twenty pounds, all in one piece."

The man cut off a big chunk of meat and put it on the scale. "There you are, ma'am," he said. "Shall I wrap it up?"

"Oh, I don't want to buy it!" she said. "I've just got back from Hot Springs, where I lost

twenty pounds, and I wanted to see how much that was!"

HERO WORSHIP

In his old age Wellington, the great duke who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, was accustomed to walk from his office to his home. One day he stood at a street corner waiting for a chance to cross. An admirer who saw him standing there hurried to offer his arm, saying, "May I have the honor of escorting Your Grace to the other side?"

The duke accepted the kindly offer. But when they were safely over, the man commenced a speech, saying that it was the greatest day in his life, that he should tell his children, and they should tell their children in turn, how he had had the immeasurable honor of aiding the greatest general in the world across the street, and so on, and so forth. Wellington listened to him for a minute and then turned away with the remark:

"Oh, don't make a damned fool of yourself!"

CHANGED HIS TUNE

One of the early Presidents of the United States paid a visit of ceremony to Boston, and

was received by a committee instructed to pay him all honors, and take him to see the sights of the city. One of them was, of course, Faneuil Hall, the famous "Cradle of Liberty."

As the President entered the room in the Hall which is adorned with the portraits of famous Americans, the chairman of the committee preceded him, exclaiming, in a loud, sonorous voice:

"Make way, make way, for His Excellency the President of the United States! Make way for the Chief Magistrate of the American Republic!"

However, the President went over to one side to inspect one of the portraits, and was engaged in doing so when the chairman turned and missed him.

"Where has that darned idiot gone to, anyway?" said he.

A USELESS RELATIVE

A young beggar in an Irish city was asking alms. "Please help a poor boy, with no father or mother, and no one to help him," he said.

A kind-hearted passerby stopped to talk to him.

"Have you really no father?" he asked.

"None at all," said the beggar lad.

"And no mother?"

"None."

"No brothers, no sisters?"

"No brother but one," said the beggar.

"And where is he?"

"Sure, he's in the medical school in Dublin."

"In the medical school in Dublin? Surely, he can do something to help you?"

"No, your reverence; he can't do anything for me."

"And why not?"

"Because he was born with two heads, and they keep him in a bottle.'

DISAPPOINTMENT IN HEAVEN

The editor of a country newspaper visited a big city while President McKinley was dying, and was greatly impressed by the issuance of the hourly bulletins telling of the President's condition. The editor decided to adopt the same system when any prominent citizen of his own town was ill. He soon had an opportunity to put the idea into effect. Deacon Wilkins became seriously ill, and the editor posted bulletins in front of his office:

"1 p. m. Deacon Wilkins seriously ill."

"2 p. m. Condition of Deacon Wilkins slightly better."

"2.30 p. m. Deacon Wilkins takes a turn for the worse."

"3.30 p. m. Deacon Wilkins has died and gone to Heaven."

The village wag passed that way and read the bulletins. He added one of his own:

"4.00 p. m. Great excitement in Heaven! Deacon Wilkins has not yet arrived!"

TRUE TO HIS PRINCIPLES

An eminent Boston clergyman used to tell of being once in a railroad station, and seeing a man approach the telegraph office with something in his hand. There was a short argument between the man and the telegraph operator, and the latter refused twice to take what was offered to him.

"Ah," said the minister to himself, "a fine example of devotion to duty! Evidently that fellow is trying to get the operator to send a message that is against the rules, and he is refusing to take it. I must commend so worthy an action."

So he went to the window and said to the operator:

"That is right, young man, stick to your principles. Never accept anything that you do not believe to be proper."

"Sure," said the operator. "And did you know that the end of it was burnt off? If it was O. K., why didn't he smoke it himself?"

TAKING NO CHANCES

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who was a representative in Congress from Illinois for many years, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, used to tell the following story of the meanest man he ever knew.

The man lived in a town that needed a new cemetery, and some of the public-spirited citizens established one. They appointed a superintendent, who saw a salesman in try to interest the mean man in the cemetery. The salesman came back and reported that it was no use; he couldn't sell a plot to the man.

"I talked to him for an hour or more," said the salesman. "He admired how the cemetery was beautifully located, and that the plots were worth more than we are asking for them, but he wouldn't buy. Said he was afraid he wouldn't get his money's worth in the end."

"Of course, you told him that he was getting along in years, and that he would have to die some day?" asked the superintendent.

"I did," said the salesman; "but he said that he might be lost at sea."

IT LOOKED BAD

Two women found themselves seated side by side at a department store counter. One of them had her umbrella resting against the edge of the counter. The other one, rising to go, picked up the umbrella by mistake and started off with it, when the owner of the umbrella went after her and said: "You have my umbrella."

The first woman was covered with confusion. She handed the umbrella back and stammered that she begged a thousand pardons, that she had thought the umbrella was her own.

That reminded her that she needed an umbrella, and that her husband and her son were both in need of new ones. So she went at once to the proper department, and bought three, which she took with her.

On her way home she found herself in a trolley car sitting next to the woman whose umbrella she had taken by mistake. The latter cast a significant glance at the three umbrellas.

"Oh," she said, "I see you have had a very successful day!"

TELLING TALES

It happened about twenty years ago that a man from New Orleans was traveling in

France, and in a restaurant there overheard a Frenchman telling of his travels in America. He was saying that he had witnessed a lynching in New Orleans. The victim was a negro waiter, he said, whose only offense was spilling a plate of soup into a lady's lap. With much imagination and great detail, the Frenchman told how the New Orleans restaurant keeper, being short of help, persuaded the mob to wait until the dinner hour was finished, and then they took the poor negro out and hanged him.

The New Orleans man asked the Frenchman when all that had happened.

"About eight months ago," was the answer.

"I was in New Orleans myself at that time—" the American began, and the Frenchman interrupted him with:

"Ah, then, perhaps monsieur saw the hanging himself?"

"No," said the American, "at the time I was in the kitchen, killing the chef for putting mustard in my ice cream."

NO USE

Not far from San Francisco, a wealthy man had a large estate; one of the gardeners was an Italian, who went one day to the head gardener to say:

"Boss, I no work here no more next week."

"Why, Tony, what's the matter?"

"Well, boss, I go to work for Uncle Sam; he pay mooch more money for da work."

So Tony left his garden to take a job on the building of a pier extending far out into the ocean. He remained away several months, and then reappeared with the request:

"Boss, I lika getta da old job back."

"I thought you had a good job working for Uncle Sam, Tony?"

"I maka da mon' all right," said Tony, "but I no lika work no more for Uncle Sam. He's one beega fool."

"Why do you say that, Tony?" asked the foreman.

"Uncle Sam, he's a spend two million dollar build da big pier in da water. He's a build big horn, say 'Toot, toot!' all day, and build da big bell, say 'Dong, dong!' all day—but da damn fog, she's a come in just da same!"

IT CAME BACK

In Russia, long ago, there was a poor scholar who was very grateful to his instructor, and desired to show his gratitude by presenting a gift to him. But, alas, he had nothing to give but a brass candlestick—and that was so small a gift that he hesitated long

before offering it. However, he finally plucked up courage enough to present it to the professor, who thanked him heartily, knowing as he did that the student was very poor.

His wife, however, was not so gracious. "For heaven's sake! don't bring that homely thing into the house!" she said. So the professor took the candlestick and put it away on a high shelf where it could not be seen. The next time the student visited the professor he looked about for the candlestick, and was evidently grieved not to find it. The kind-hearted professor took him aside and said: "Your candlestick is so beautiful that we do not use it, for fear lest our friends should say, 'Oh, what a work of art! Where is the mate to it?"

Thereupon the student determined to save up every penny he could to get another candlestick for the professor. In the meantime, one day the professor's wife said to the servant: "Take that terrible old candlestick out and sell it; I don't care if you get only a few kopecks for it." The servant did so, and sold it to a pawnbroker, who put it in his window.

Along came the student. "Ah," he said, "there is the mate to my candlestick!" He got together his savings, bought the candlestick and presented it to the professor. "There," he

said, "you need no longer be sorry that you have only one candlestick, instead of a pair!"

NEGRO

HARD TO FIND

An old negro was complaining to a white friend about his eyes. "Dey're pow'ful bad," he said. "Seems like I kin hardly see nothin' no more."

"Why don't you see a doctor about them, Mose?"

"I did see one, an' he tole me to see one of dem optimists, but I can't seem to find one."

A GODLY LIFE

"Dan'l," said the negro preacher to one of his flock, "you know dat you're gettin' to be a pretty ol' man now, an' soon you'll be knockin' at de golden gate. Can you face de hebbenly host an' say dat you done lived a godly life?"

"Well, parson," replied the aged darkey, "I ain't nebber been lynched yet, an' de only hoss I eber stole throwed me an' broke my laig."

BUFFERS

The late Booker T. Washington used to tell of a negro who said:

"I had de strangest dream las' night. I dreamed dat I died an' went to de bad place, an' found it all full of cullud folks."

"No white folks there?"

"Plenty ob dem, plenty ob dem; but ebery one ob dem was holdin' a cullud man between him an' de fire."

ONLY THING MISSING

A negro fell ill, and called in a physician of his own race. He did not improve under the colored doctor's ministrations, however, so he changed to a white doctor.

The latter said, "You are a pretty sick man. Have you had a doctor?"

"No, sah; only one of them there wuthless yarb doctors."

"Did he take your temperature when he called on you?"

"I dunno, sah; de only t'ing dat's missin' so far is my watch."

ODDS TOO BIG

In a small city in Georgia a negro was charged with a minor statutory offense. He listened with wide open eyes and mouth as the district attorney read the indictment against him. Then he said:

"Please, sir, boss, would yo' min' reading de fust words of dat dere paper ag'in?"

The district attorney was an obliging man, and read:

"The State of Georgia against Rastus Jones."

The negro turned to the court and said, sadly:

"Jedge, yo' honah, I reckon I'd better give up right now, ef de whole State ob Georgia am ag'in dis one pore niggah!"

NOT IN A HURRY

John D. Rockefeller was credited some years ago with telling this story about a negro driver:

He was driving his delivery wagon one day when he met a funeral. Being somewhat superstitious, he would not defy the belief that it brings bad luck to cross or pass behind a funeral, so he tried to get ahead of the hearse. But the driver of the latter vehicle was stubborn and whipped up his horse.

After driving fast for some distance, without being able to get ahead of the hearse, the negro shouted to the other driver:

"Say, pull up yo' hoss an' let me pass! My boss is in a hurry an' yours ain't."

IN A DIFFERENT FORM

General Sherman's favorite story about colored people dealt with a negro, in the old days of slavery, who had the bad habit of stealing poultry from his owner. One day the latter missed a fine, fat turkey, and had no difficulty in finding the thief.

"Sam," said the white man, "you have been punished many times for taking and eating poultry that belongs to me. I ought to have you whipped for taking that turkey."

"Marster," said the negro, "I belongs to you, doesn't I?"

"Yes," said the master, "you do."

"Well then, marster, you shouldn't say nothin' 'bout dat turkey. You has only got a little less turkey an' a lot more nigger."

USEFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT

After a colored man had been to an exhibition of hypnotism, he returned home full of enthusiasm. "Mandy," he said to his wife, "I'm gwine ter be one of dem dere hypnotists."

"What's dat mean, Rastus?" she asked.

"All you gotter do," said Rastus, "is to look a pusson in de eye, and wave yo'r han's up an'

down in front of his face, an' he goes ter sleep an' does all you wants him ter do."

"Dat's all nonsense, man," said Mandy. "Ain't nobody what kin do dat."

"I'll tellin' yo' I saw it with my own eyes."

Mandy thought for a few seconds. Then she said:

"Say, Rastus, do yo' thinks yo' kin do dat with a chicken?"

HE GOT THE GUN

Colonel Jack Chinn, a famous Kentuckian, had a colored valet who had been a slave in the colonel's family, and who traveled all over with his master. Once the two were in a town in the Southwest, and the valet was invited to a negro dance. He went to his master, and said:

"Marse John, I's been invited to a dance down in de bottom, an' I like to ask you to lend me dat pretty pearl-handled six-shooter ob yours for de evenin'."

"Sam," said the colonel, "if I lend you that gun and you go to that dance, some of those tough nigger boys in this town will take the gun away from you and chase you all the way back to this hotel."

"Oh, no, Marse John!" said the colored man. "You lend me dat gun, an' if I don't show up

in the mawnin' you jest go down to the morgue and throw de sheet back and say, 'Don't Sam look natural!' "

NOT QUITE READY

On a Southern plantation there was a very pious old darky, who believed firmly in a better world, and who prayed constantly for the Lord to come and take him home. His master decided to test the old man's sincerity.

The old darky was on his knees in his cabin, on a dark and stormy night. "Come, good Lawd," he prayed, "come an' take dis sinful ol' darky home. Take yo' servant to yo'self, good Lawd. He's ol' and tired and ready to go. Come, good Lawd!"

There came a loud knock on the cabin door. The old darky was scared and said, feebly:

"Who's dar?"

"It is the Lord, come to take Uncle Rastus home!" said a solemn voice.

"Uncle Rastus ain't heah no mo'," said the old man. "Uncle Rastus done moved. Try de cabin down de road."

POOR SECURITY

"Boss," said a colored man to a white politician for whom he had done some small favors, "I come to see you about my wife."

"Well, what about your wife?"

"She's dead."

"That's too bad," said the white man. "I'm sorry to hear of your loss. When did she die?"

"Oh, she's been dead about three years."

"Well, why are you coming to see me about her now?"

"It's dis way, boss," said the negro. "When my wife died I had to buy de burial plot on de installment plan. I paid dem pretty regular, but now I still owes 'em forty dollars, an' dey says if I don't pay up dey're goin' to take my wife's body an' move it to de potter's fiel'."

"Well, what can I do about it?" asked the white man.

"I thought maybe you'd lend me de forty dollars, an' take my wife's body an' de burial plot for security."

POLITICS

FOR THE HONOR ONLY

Someone asked Lincoln once whether he did not find the ceremonies of the Presidency irksome. "Yes, sometimes," said Lincoln. "In fact, I feel sometimes like a man who was ridden out of town on a rail, and said: 'If it

wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd rather walk!'"

A DISTINCTION

In Washington, many years ago, there was a barber who had the honor of numbering among his patrons the President of the United States. He was very proud of it, and put up in his shop a sign which read:

"Hair cut, 25 cents. With the same scissors used to cut the hair of the President, 40 cents."

SWEEPING REFORM

In one of the large cities of the United States there was a popular movement against the municipal government, which was accused of extravagance. The mayor and his commissioner of public works were discussing the situation.

"It's getting a little too hot for us," said the mayor. "What do you say—suppose we fire a couple of the city hall scrubwomen?"

GOOD READING

Everyone knows, of course, that when a member of Congress dies the speeches of eulogy are spread over a good many pages of the *Congressional Record*. Once a member of

the House who sent a copy of the *Record* to a constituent received the following letter:

"Please send me more volumes of the *Congressional Record* containing addresses for dead members of Congress. There is nothing I enjoy reading more."

HE WON THE PRIZE

Benjamin Franklin used to say that once he found himself in the company of three politicians who were notorious liars and, to amuse himself, offered a reward to the one who could tell the biggest lie.

The first one said that he had never told a lie. The second one went him one better by saying that he, himself, was not even capable of telling a lie. But the third one won the prize by assuring Franklin that the other two had told the exact truth.

SECOND CHOICE

An English candidate for office was making a house-to-house canvass for votes, and called at the home of a man who belonged to the opposite party.

"I won't vote for you," said the householder. "In fact, I would rather vote for the devil than for you."

"All right," said the candidate. "But if your friend decides not to try for Parliament, will you not give me your vote?"

A CHRONIC OFFICEHOLDER

During a political campaign in a New England state, a man who had been elected Senator several times and who thought that therefore he had a lifelong right to the office was addressing a meeting.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I stand before you on my record. If you had a hired man who had worked for you for a long time, would you not think it right for you to keep on employing him?"

A voice from the audience broke in with:

"Not if he got to thinkin' that he owned the whole darned farm."

GOOD NAME

A politician in one of the big cities had occasion to send flowers to the family of one of his constituents, and said to a florist:

"Make up a nice bouquet for me. Have you anything new in flowers?"

"Yes," said the florist. "These flowers are new."

"What do you call them?"

"They're called 'The Candidate's Pledge.'"

"That's a funny name for flowers; why do you call them that?"

"Because they fade so quickly."

QUALIFIED FOR THE JOB

After a national election in which the party to which a city politician belonged was successful, he turned up in Washington to ask for an office for his services. His wife had a great desire to visit Japan, so he asked for appointment as consul in Yokohama.

"But I can't send you to Yokohama unless you speak Japanese. You don't speak the language, do you?" asked the Secretary of State.

"Sure I do," answered the politician; "just ask me something in Japanese."

NO INTEREST FOR HIM

"Just think," said a young woman to her sweetheart, who was a rising young politician, "some of those stars we are looking at are millions and millions of miles away from us."

"That's a long way from my district," said the young man.

"And some astronomers say that there are

stars that may be inhabited by people very much like ourselves."

"They don't interest me," replied the young man. "They don't vote in my district."

A STORY OF "GRAFT"

The head of a city health board once found it necessary to order five pounds of sponges, and received from the contractor two sponges which together weighed less than one pound. Therefore, when he received the voucher for five pounds of sponges, he refused to O.K. it.

The contractor called on him to inquire why. "Those sponges did not weigh even one pound; if you don't believe it, there they are; weigh them yourself," said the doctor.

"What!" said the contractor. "You don't mean to tell me that you weighed them *dry!*"

NOT PREPARED

A city politician was challenged to a joint debate by an opponent, and came off decidedly second best. A friend met him, and condoled with him over his defeat.

"I'd have beaten him," said the politician, "except that he happened to bring forward just the one thing that I was not prepared to meet."

"What was that?" the friend asked.
"The truth," answered the politician.

PRAYER NEEDED

A man took his young son on a trip to Washington, and among the other sights a visit to the House of Representatives in session was included. The boy was greatly impressed by all that he saw in the capital, but was especially interested in the opening prayer of the chaplain.

"Father," he asked, "why do they have a minister to pray for Congress?"

"He doesn't pray for Congress, my boy," the father answered; "he takes one look at Congress, and prays for the country."

A POLITICAL WISH

The late Senator Mark Hanna, of Ohio, one of the leading lights of the Republican Party, suffered severely from indigestion, and had to be very careful in his diet. He was in the Senate restaurant one day with a Democratic member of the Senate, who was a close personal friend in spite of their difference in politics.

Hanna looked at the menu, and scanned the

names of all the good things that he was forbidden to eat.

"Say," he said to his Democratic friend, "I'd like to be able to eat anything I wanted on this bill of fare—and leave the digestion to you Democrats!"

WHY HE CAME IN PERSON

As a result of political activity, an American received an appointment as consul in a city in France, but he took his duties lightly. Once, having some personal business to attend to in Washington, he left his office in charge of a subordinate, and came to America.

In Washington he was invited to a dinner by an official, and was greatly embarrassed on finding himself seated next to the Secretary of State. "Why, Mr. Blank," said the Secretary, "I am astonished to see you here. I thought that you were at your post in France."

"Well, you see, Mr. Secretary," said the consul, "I wanted a leave of absence, and I thought it would be more respectful to you if I came here and applied for it in person."

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON

In the days when the silver question was agitating the United States there was a senator

from a Western state who was first a Democrat, then a Populist, then a Democrat for the second time, and finally an independent.

One day a reporter was sent to the Senator's home in Washington to get his views on a political question. He was met at the door by the senator's colored servant, who informed the reporter that the senator was not at home.

"What are the senator's politics to-day?" asked the newspaper man.

"Lawd, man, I dunno!" answered the colored man. "He ain't been home sence mawnin'."

TOO LATE

There was a Governor of a certain State who had been elected by a small majority, and many men claimed to be the one who had elected him. Accordingly, he had a hard time in giving out the spoils of war. For one office, in particular, there were many claimants.

The lucky man didn't live long to enjoy his office. He fell into the river and was drowned, soon after his appointment. One of the disappointees saw the body floating down the stream and, without waiting to fish it out, rushed over to the Governor's office. "Say, Governor," he said, "that man you appointed superintendent of prisons has just been drowned in the river. Can I have the job?"

"Sorry, but you're too late," said the Governor. "I've just appointed a man who saw him fall in."

A CORDIAL INVITATION

The late Speaker Reed, who was noted for his wit, was once making a tour of his state, Maine, during a presidential campaign. He spoke in many cities. In one town a Democrat sat in the front row of seats, and "heckled" the speaker, as they call it in England.

He kept on asking questions, to which Reed answered courteously, although it was the obvious intention of the Democrat to make him lose his temper. Finally, finding that he could do nothing with the Speaker, the Democrat said:

"Aw, go to hell!"

Reed answered:

"I have traveled in many parts of the State, and have spoken at many meetings, but this is the first time I have received an invitation to the Democratic headquarters."

SLIPPED UP TWICE

A good memory is, or should be, one of the qualifications of a politician—especially a good memory for names and faces. So a United

States Senator found out, when he was on a speaking tour, and met a county chairman who had been of considerable service to him, but whose name he had forgotten.

It happened that this chairman was an especially touchy individual, and was offended when the Senator said, frankly, that he did not recall his name.

"Why, Senator," he said, "my name is Jones; I thought that you knew me."

"Of course I knew you," said the Senator. "And I knew your father well, for many years. Which one of his sons are you?"

"My father had only one son," said the chairman.

HAD WON IMMUNITY

During the first Bryan campaign there was a Democrat in a New England State who turned Republican, but in a later campaign he changed his mind, and returned to his former political allegiance. One of his closest personal friends and bitterest political enemies was a steadfast Republican.

One night the Democrat (and former Republican) arrived late at a hotel and was assigned to the only room in the house. Soon the Republican arrived, and asked for a room, but the clerk was compelled to tell him that

there was none. "Your friend Jones got the last room we had," said the clerk. "He's got a big bed there, and perhaps he will let you sleep with him. Wait here, and I'll go up and ask him."

He awoke the Democrat and said:

"Robinson is downstairs, and wants to know whether you will share your bed with him."

"Robinson, Robinson?" said Jones. "Oh, yes, I know him. He's a Republican. I've had it once; send him up."

EARNED HELP

A city politician was in his office, when the boy announced that one of the politician's colored constituents desired to speak to him. When the colored man entered, the alderman did not recognize him. However, he asked the man what he wanted.

"Mistah Alderman," said the visitor, "de wintah am a-comin' on, an' it's commencin' to get col', and I ain't got no overcoat. Owin' to unfortunate circumstances, I was compelled las' wintah to pawn mah coat. I'd like to ask you to lend me five dollahs to get de coat outer pawn."

"But why should I lend you five dollars?" asked the alderman. "I do not know you personally, and do not remember meeting you be-

fore. In fact, I do not believe that you even live in my district."

The colored man's voice sounded deeply grieved as he replied:

"You mean to say you don't know me, Mistah Aldeman! Why, I have listened to more than fifty of yo' speeches!"

"You get the five," said the alderman; "you've earned it."

MUCH BETTER FOR THEM

Quite a number of years ago there was a politician in one of the big Western cities who had performed good service for his party in a presidential campaign, and thought he ought to be rewarded with a good, fat office. But when he came to apply for a job, he found that the best thing he could get was an appointment as an Indian agent.

"What's that?" he asked the Senator who offered it to him.

The Senator explained the duties of the office—looking after the interests of the red men and their families, buying the food and other supplies for them, and so on. "What does the job pay?" asked the politician.

"A thousand a year and perquisites," said the senator.

"Perquisites? What's them?" was the next question.

"A chance to make some extra money," explained the senator. "For instance, you contract with the beef men to supply so many head of cattle for the Indians, each steer to weigh so many hundred pounds. If a yearling should slip in now and then—by mistake, you understand—well, there's one of your perquisites."

"I get you," said the politician. "I'll take it. And do you know, senator, I think veal is a whole lot better for the Indians than beef, anyway."

NOT THE RIGHT ANSWERS

Some years ago there was a judge in New York City before whom came the applicants for naturalization. He rushed them through, asking everyone of them the same questions, to which the proper answer was "Yes." For example, the first question was, "Do you renounce allegiance to all foreign powers, and in especial to the government of the country from which you came?"

The smart politicians of the Italian districts of the city soon realized that all they had to do was to coach the applicants to say "Yes" to

any question asked by the judge. One day, however, it dawned on him that he was not performing his duties properly, and he decided to vary his questions. To the next Italian who appeared for naturalization he said:

"Do you renounce allegiance to all foreign powers, and especially to the King of Italy?"

"Yes, Mr. Judge."

"Will you place your former allegiance to the King of Italy before your duty to this country?"

"Yes."

"In case of war, will you take up arms against the United States?"

"Yes, Mr. Judge."

"Will you do all that is in your power to encompass the downfall of this republic?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"Get out of here!" roared the judge. "And don't come back until you understand the duties of an American citizen!"

PRISONERS

HIGHER THINGS IN SIGHT

A visitor was trying to bring cheer to the lives of the convicts in the State prison. He was talking to a man sent up for picking pockets.

"You must not mind this temporary imprisonment," he said. "I am sure that when you leave here you will be a better man."

"Sure," said the pickpocket. "Dere's a guy in here what's learnin' me to be a burglar."

A VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION

"My good man," said the visitor to a prisoner, "how did you come to this sad place?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the convict, "you see in me an unhappy victim of the unlucky number 13."

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "How was that?"

"Twelve jurymen and one judge, ma'am."

GOOD TIMES INSIDE

A man and his little boy were driving past a penitentiary that was run by one of the wardens of the new school, which believes in giving the prisoners as humane treatment as possible. It was a bright Summer afternoon, and some of the prisoners were out in the yard, enjoying a game of baseball. Judging by the noise they were making and their laughter, they were having a very good time.

"Say, dad," asked the boy, "how bad do you have to be, to be put in there?"

AT A LOSS FOR WORDS

There had been a change of chaplains at the penitentiary and the warden called on the new preacher to say a few words to his charges.

The preacher began:

"Ladies and gentlemen—er, no—I mean, men and fellow prisoners—no, no—you know, I came here on rather short notice and so I was not prepared to speak when the warden called on me to address you this morning, and so I think I shall just have to say that I am glad to see so many of you here."

A PARDON NEEDED

The Governor of a Southern State received a visit one day from a woman, with two or three children hanging to her skirts. She had come to ask a pardon for her husband, who was in the State penitentiary. "What was your husband convicted of?" asked the Governor.

"Stealin' a ham, sir," said the woman.

"Oh, yes, I remember the case now," said the Governor. "But stealing that ham was not your husband's first offense. He had been convicted before, of various offenses against the law. Why should I pardon him?"

The woman answered:

"Because there ain't any of the ham left, an' we're hungry again."

HIS LAST SPEECH

Years ago, they used to have public hangings in England, and the condemned man was permitted to address the crowd, before the trap was sprung.

On one occasion, an important looking stranger visited a man about to be hanged, and bribed the jailer to let him speak alone to the criminal. Their last few words were overheard. The prisoner said, "Remember, a hundred pounds to my heirs."

Before he was hanged, the sheriff asked him whether he wanted to say anything to the assembled crowd. "Yes," said the prisoner.

And mounting the scaffold, he said:

"Before I go, I want to tell all you folks one thing, and to ask you to be sure to remember it. Blank's soap is the best in the world!"

A WELL WORN TEXT

After a long term of service, the chaplain of a State prison took a well earned three months' rest. Before going away, he made arrangements with twelve of his fellow minis-

ters in a nearby city to visit the prison on successive Sundays and preach to the inmates.

The first one came, and took for his text the story of the prodigal son. So did the next one, and the next one, and so on, for three months, and the men were well "fed up" on the tale of the man who dined first on husks and then on fatted calf.

The chaplain returned from his trip abroad, and the boat brought him in just in time to rush from the pier to the prison. Not having time to get up a new sermon, he bethought himself that he had not preached for years on the subject of the prodigal son. He was shocked and grieved to find that his opening words were greeted with a roar of laughter.

"Parson," said the warden "I think you had better switch to Jonah in the whale's belly, or Daniel in the lions' den. The men know about all there is to know about your text."

RACING

WHERE HE LOST OUT

There was a gambler who was very successful with the cards; indeed, he won so often that he was suspected, with more than a show of reason, of cheating. But when it came to betting on the horses he was not so lucky; he lost much more often than he won.

Someone asked him why, as he was so lucky at cards, he could not win more money at the racetrack.

"Well," he said, "you see, they won't let me shuffle the horses."

SELF-EVIDENT FACT

Many years ago the reigning Shah of Persia visited England, and was received there with great honors. Among the arrangements that were made for his entertainment was a visit to the racetrack to see the running of the Derby.

To the astonishment of his hosts, he flatly refused to go. When he was asked for the reason, he said:

"Everybody but a fool knows that some horses run faster than others."

EFFECT OF PRAYER

In England, once, a curate was transferred from London to a country parish. He was not used to the ways of the country folk. One day one of his parishioners came to him and asked him to offer prayers on the following Sunday for Lucy Grey. This the minister did, and he was asked to repeat the prayers two more Sundays.

After the third time, the parishioner told him that it was no longer necessary to pray for Lucy Grey. "Why," asked the curate, "has she recovered, or died?"

"Oh, no," said the countryman, "but she's won the steeplechase."

A "TIP"

Rudyard Kipling was seriously ill some years ago in England, and the whole reading world was following closely the news of his illness. One of his intimate friends was leaving a club in London when the news came that the famous writer was better and would recover.

The friend left the club with an evening newspaper in his hand, and hailed a cab. As the cabby drove up, the other man said to him:

"Kipling's all right!"

The cab driver looked puzzled for a moment, until he saw the newspaper.

"I don't seem to know the name of the 'orse, sir," he said.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

ONE EXCEPTION

"Remember, children," said a school teacher, "that a good rule in life is, if you want anything well done, do it yourself."

One boy raised his hand.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?"

"How about getting a hair cut, teacher?" asked Johnny.

A "FRESH" SCHOLAR

Many years ago there was in England a schoolmaster who was a good pedagogue, but who was very careless about his personal appearance. Several times he had occasion to scold one of his scholars for coming late to his classes. The boy always said that it took him a long time to dress.

"Look at me," said the teacher. "I can always dress in time."

"Yes," said the boy, "but *I* wash."

A BUTTON SHORT

"Boys," said the teacher in a public school, "I want you to remember that the three leading principles of the Declaration of Independence are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And to help you to remember, I am going to give each one of you three buttons. One represents life, the second represents liberty, and the third one represents the pursuit of happiness."

The next day the teacher examined the class.

One boy had only two buttons. He said to the teacher:

"Here is life, and here is liberty. But ma sewed the pursuit of happiness on my Sunday pants."

FAIR ENOUGH

Little Bobby hated to go to school—in fact, he disliked going so much that his mother had to bribe him with an apple or a piece of cake or some other delicacy, before he would consent to go.

One morning the bribe took the form of an apple. As he walked down the street, reluctantly, toward the school, he carried the apple in his hand, and stepped a little too near a horse standing at the curb. Before Bobby knew what was going on, the horse had the apple between his teeth.

"All right," said Bobby; "you've got the apple, now you can go to school." And off he went in the other direction.

FEEDING AND TEACHING

One of the smaller colleges in New England numbered among its students a young man who was quite stout, but whose mentality was not in proportion to his size. After an especially

poor recitation, one of the professors said to the student:

"You are better fed than taught."

"That may be because I feed myself and you teach me," was the answer.

IT WAS PERFECT

In one of the very tough districts of New York's East Side, a public school teacher was examining her class in arithmetic.

"Jimmy," she said to one of the pupils, "how much is four and four?"

"Eight," said Jimmy.

"That's pretty good, Jimmy," said the teacher.

"Pretty good!" echoed Jimmy. "Hell, that's *perfect!*"

A POOR BARBER

One day a college professor appeared among his colleagues at a club with his face cut in several places, and adorned with court plaster. He looked as though he had been shaved with a hoe.

One of his friends asked what had happened. He replied:

"I was shaved to-day by a man who took the highest honors at Harvard in scholarship,

who speaks several languages, and who is considered by some an authority on French literature."

"Indeed!" said his friend. "But if he is so learned, why is he a barber?"

"He isn't," said the professor. "I shaved myself to-day for the first time."

PROFESSOR TURNED THE TABLES

In one of the Eastern colleges there was, years ago, a professor who was an able instructor, but who was disliked by his pupils because, as the Irish say, he liked to give them a lick with the rough side of his tongue.

He was called to another room one day, during the recitation hour, and while he was absent a stray dog wandered into the room. The students caught the animal, hastily made for him a pair of wire spectacles, and tied him in the professor's chair. When the professor returned, he found the animal there.

"Ah," he said, "I see that during my absence you have held a meeting and have elected one of your members as chairman."

CHIEF AIM IN LIFE?

One of the young girls in a class in a New York public school was very bright in some

subjects, but she either could not or would not learn any of the history of the United States. Perhaps the subject did not interest her—but at any rate she did not learn it. The teacher rebuked her and argued with her, but to no avail.

Eventually the teacher decided to send a note to the girl's mother, telling her that she must make the youngster study her history lesson. She gave the note to the girl, and the next morning asked her:

"Did you take the note to your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did she read the note?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said that she doesn't know any history, and she got married, and my Aunt Mary, she doesn't know any history, and she got married—and you know all about history, and you're not married!"

SENT A SUBSTITUTE

There is in New York a school principal who is a firm believer in the theory that much more can be done with a child by means of kindness than by punishment for faults. She visited a classroom one day, and found the teacher scolding a boy. The principal took

the teacher aside, and was told that the boy was one of the very worst in the school, that nothing could be done with him.

"Have you tried kindness?" asked the principal.

"I gave it up long ago as useless in this case," said the teacher.

So the principal spoke to the boy herself in her best voice, and invited him to visit her at her home on the following Saturday morning. When the visitor arrived, the principal set herself to the task of making an impression on him. She fed him cake and ice cream and treated him as an honored guest. Finally, she said to him:

"Now, Johnny, didn't it make you feel bad to be scolded in front of the whole class?"

"Gosh, that wasn't me," said the boy. "That was Pete. He gave me a dime to come up and take your jawing."

SCOTCH

VERRA EECONOMECAL

We all know, of course, that the Scotch are a thrifty, economical folk. But not all of them will go to the extent that the Scotchman did who dropped a bottle of iodine and broke it.

"Weel, weel, weel!" he said. "That's a sair waste!"

So he cut his finger.

SHEER WASTE

A Scotchman lost his wife, and a friend was condoling with him on his bereavement. "Eh, Sandy, 'tis a sair loss ye hae had!" he said.

"Mon, 'tis that," answered Sandy. "And tae think! 'Twas a week ago that the doctor ordered a box of pills for her, and she hadna time tae take but half of them!"

WHY THE KILTS?

Not all the stories that are told concerning the Scotch have to do with their alleged excessive thriftiness. For example, there was the unkind remark of the late Max O'Rell, the French author who was a favorite lecturer in America. He said that the Scotch wear kilts because their feet are so large that they cannot get them through the legs of trousers.

NOT IN THE MOOD

In a Scotch village, the minister received a call from one of the villagers who had been drinking a little too much. He began to argue

theology with the dominie, and the latter said to him:

"Angus, ye'd better go home and sober up, and we can discuss this matter then."

"Na, na, meenister," said Angus. "When I'm sober I dinna gie a damn for religious conversation."

MORE WONDERFUL

Visiting America, a Scotchman was taken by a friend to see Niagara Falls. After they had gazed at the falls in silence for several minutes, the American asked:

"Well, isn't that wonderful? I'm sure that in Scotland you have nothing as wonderful as that."

"We have that," said the Scotchman. "Man, in my little town at home there's a chicken with a wooden leg!"

ONE WAY OF COOLING OFF

A little Scotch boy said to his father, on a very hot day:

"Faither, will ye no gie me a penny?"

"What for should I be givin' ye a penny?"

"It's gey hot, faither, and I want to buy some ice cream for to cool myself off," said the boy.

"Na, na," said his father. "Come here an' I'll tell ye a ghost story to make your blood run cold."

HIS LIMIT

At a tea given by a Scotch duke and his duchess to their tenant farmers, the lady was at first interested and amused, and then alarmed, by the number of cups of tea which one man consumed. She counted up to sixteen before she thought it necessary to say something about it.

"Sandy," she asked, "how many cups of tea do you take?"

He looked up cautiously. "How many do ye give?" he asked.

IN THE FAMILY

In Scotland, the Boy Scouts, as elsewhere, believe in doing at least one good deed every day. One of them, seeing an old lady hesitate before crossing the street, offered his aid, and piloted her safely through the traffic.

"You're a good lad," she said, "and here's a penny for you."

"No, thank you, ma'am," said the boy; "we Boy Scouts are not permitted to take pay for doing a good deed. But my little brother here—he's not a Boy Scout."

OF COURSE!

At a dinner an American and a Scotchman were seated together. One of the speakers thought it amusing to tell stories dealing with the Scotch, and the American turned to his neighbor and asked:

"Do you Scotchmen mind all the stories that are told about you?"

"Of course we do!" answered the Scot.

"Why?" the American asked.

"Because they are all told at our expense," replied the other man.

REASON FOR THE WHISKERS

A Scotchman had gone out into the world to seek his fortune, and was gone ten years. Then he returned, and was greeted at the pier by his brother, who had been clean-shaven when the brother left, but who now sported a long beard.

" 'Tis glad I am to see you, Jack," said the wanderer, "but why the whiskers? Ye said nothing about a beard in any of your letters to me."

"Eh, mon!" said the brother. "Dinna ye remember? When ye left home ye took the razor wi' ye!"

NO USE IN WAITING

Poor Sandy was very ill; so ill, in fact, that his wife thought it well to call in the dominie to say a few parting words to her husband.

The dominie came, and went. Then Jeanie said to Sandy:

"And how do ye feel now, Sandy?"

"I'm feelin' much better, lass. The dominie has cheered me up wi' his beautiful words about the land o' the leal. I do believe that I'm goin' to get well."

"Na, na," said the woman. "I'm resigned, and ye're prepared. Dee now."

ALL FOR SIXPENCE

A Scotchman visiting London had the misfortune of being held up by two robbers, who told him to "stand and deliver." But the Scot had no mind to give up his hard-earned money without a fight, and, despite the odds of two to one, he put up a hard battle. But they were too much for him, and downed him.

When they went through his pockets all they found was sixpence.

"'Tis a good thing for us that was all he had," said one of the robbers to the other. "If he had had a shilling he'd have killed us both!"

NOT WASTING ANY MONEY

A Scotchman became the father of twin girls, and after they had grown a bit one of his friends said to him:

"Sandy, they're two braw lasses ye have. What for do ye no have their picture taken?"

Sandy thought this was good advice, and acted on it. The next time he met his friend he showed him a photograph.

"'Tis a fine picture," said the friend. "But I see only one of the lassies. Where is the ither one?"

"When we came to the photographer's," said Sandy, "the good wife and I decided that as the twins look exactly alike, one picture would do for the both of them."

CAUSE FOR PUNISHMENT

One day a man who lived next door to a Scotchman heard the latter administering punishment to his young son. Thinking that the lad was being beaten too severely, the neighbor went over and said to the Scotchman:

"You ought not to beat your son in that manner."

"Ought not to beat him so!" said the

Scotchman. "I ought to give even a worse thrashin', to teach him a lesson!"

"Why," asked the neighbor, "what has the lad done to deserve such punishment?"

"What has he done? Why, he went and bought an 'all-day sucker' at four o'clock in the afternoon!"

SUNDAY IN SCOTIA

A Scotch policeman observed two visitors from England talking on a street corner in Edinburgh, one Sunday.

He said to them:

"If ye're no a bit more careful, I'll have to arrest ye."

"But what for?"

"For violating the Sabbath."

"Why, we were very quiet—we weren't even whistling."

"Yes, but ye're looking as happy as though it was a week day."

WORTH TRYING, ANYWAY

An Edinburgh man married a woman from Glasgow, and after a long and happy married life, the woman was about to pass on to her reward.

"John," she said, "there's one last request

I want to make of you. When I'm gone, take my body back to Glasgow and bury it there with my family."

"But, Jeanie," he said, "think o' all the siller that will cost!"

"I've been a good wife to you, John; and if you don't do as I ask, my spirit will come back an' haunt ye."

"Well, I won't want that to happen," said John. "But I think that I'll try ye in Edinburgh first."

COULDN'T LOSE HIM

Every great family in Scotland has its old and tried retainers who come to occupy a privileged position, and in course of time assume the right to tell their masters and mistresses what to do—always, of course, with the most whole-hearted devotion and faithfulness even unto death.

One of these old retainers, a coachman, assumed the position of adviser in general to the family, so much so that it finally became a nuisance to have him interfere in all sorts of affairs. Finally, when he had paid no attention to several warnings, the lady of the house said to him:

"Donald, we have told you many times that we cannot have you telling us what to do, and

you have not listened to us. After the first of next month you will have to leave us."

To which Donald replied:

"Na, na, my lady, that canna be. I drove ye to the kirk when ye were to be baptized, and I drove ye to your marriage, an' I'll stay wi' ye until I drive ye to your funeral!"

SERVANTS

EVEN IN HEAVEN

A servant girl was complaining to her friend about the amount of work she was called upon to do. "Nothing from morning till night but cleaning and polishing," she said. "First it's polishing the windows, then it's cleaning the knives and forks, then it's shining up the silverware. I believe that when I get to Heaven they'll put me to work polishing up the angels' haloes."

A "RARE BIRD"

"When I was in Europe," said a returned traveler, "I saw an artist paint a spider web on a ceiling so naturally that a chambermaid took a broom to sweep it away."

He noticed a look of incredulity on the face of his hearer.

"Why, don't you believe that there is such an artist?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, such an artist—but not such a chambermaid!"

TOO MUCH QUARRELING

The woman was just about to engage a new cook, on her own word that she knew all about cooking. Then the woman asked:

"But why did you leave your last place?"

"I couldn't stand the quarreling, ma'am. The missus and the master was always havin' words."

"Indeed! That's interesting. What did they quarrel about?"

"Well, ma'am, it was generally about the way I cooked the dinner."

NO FUSS

A society hostess who was noted for her calmness under all circumstances had a well trained body of servants, but, of course, as everyone knows, accidents will happen. At a reception one of the maids had the misfortune to drop a decanter which broke on the floor with a terrible crash. The girl was terribly embarrassed and frightened.

But the mistress only said quietly:

"Ann, you may break as much as you please, but try not to make so much noise when you do it."

NEWS TO HER

One day a woman got a ticket to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, the play being an old story to her, gave it to her servant girl. The girl went to the show, and the woman waited up to see how she enjoyed it.

About midnight the girl came home. She was sobbing bitterly. "Why, what in the world is the matter?" asked her mistress. "What are you crying for?"

"Oh, missus!" said the girl. "Little Eva's dead! Little Eva's dead!"

PARTICULAR PIGS

A wealthy man who lived in the country heard a great grunting in his pig sty one day, and went over to learn the cause. He looked into the trough, and saw lying there a large silver spoon which had evidently been thrown out by the carelessness of a servant.

Just then a servant came out and said:

"I wonder what those confounded pigs are making all that noise about."

The master said:

"Probably they are dissatisfied because there is only one silver spoon for the whole lot of them."

ACCOUNTED FOR

When a wealthy woman engaged a new servant, she made one condition—that the girl should under no circumstances entertain men callers in the kitchen. The girl promised that she would not permit any such thing.

She had been only there a few days when the mistress, entering the kitchen, chanced to open the door of a cupboard, and found concealed therein a young man. The woman turned to the servant girl and said:

"How is this? You promised me faithfully that you would have no company in my kitchen. How did this man get here?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "I think he must have been left there by the last girl."

TOO DISTRUSTFUL

"I am going away for a few days, Mary," said a woman to her servant girl, "and I am going to leave with you all my keys to my closets and chests and jewel boxes. I know that they will be safe with you, but, of course, I expect you not to touch them."

When the mistress returned, the girl said to her, "I'm going to leave you."

"Why, Mary?"

"You don't trust me."

"How can you say that, Mary?" said the woman, reproachfully. "When I went away, didn't I leave all my keys with you?"

"You did, ma'am but not one of them fits."

A HARD JOB

When General Luke Wright, later Secretary of War, was Governor General of the Philippines, he had in Manila a native boy servant who was a very willing worker, but unused to the ways of Americans. One day, at dinner, the Governor General wanted some pepper, and found that the pepper shaker on the table was empty. He called the boy and told him to take it to the kitchen and fill it.

He waited several minutes for the boy to return, and then went to the kitchen to look for him. He found the boy bending over the table, hard at work.

"Does it take you so long to fill the shaker with pepper?" asked the general.

"I won't be much longer," said the boy. "You must remember that it takes a long time to force the pepper through these little holes."

SHIPS

VERY GREEN

On a boat that plied the Great Lakes, a woman passenger came out of her cabin, and saw one of the sailors pumping out the vessel. Nearby was one of the ship's officers. The woman went to him and said, "I see that you have a well on board."

"Oh, yes, madam," he replied, "we always carry one for the use of the passengers."

"That is very good," she said. "I don't like that nasty lake water."

TIMES CHANGE

A midshipman in the British navy presented himself for duty to a superior officer who had a rough tongue and little consideration for the young officers under his command.

He looked the little fellow over and growled:

"H'm! Same old story, I suppose—they sent the fool of the family to sea."

"Oh, no, sir," answered the middy; "things have changed since your time, sir."

VERY LIGHT DRAFT

In one of the Southern States there is a river that is called navigable but there is so

little water there that the steamboat that plies the river is of very light draft. The way in which the steamer manages to get along is a standing joke in that part of the country.

"Captain," a passenger said once to the commander of the boat, "is it true that you can get this boat over the ground after a heavy dew?"

"Well, no," answered the captain, "it isn't as bad as all that. But there are times when we have to send a man ahead on horseback with a watering pot."

STILL SAFE

In a terrible storm at sea, a minister who was one of the passengers went to the captain and asked:

"Would it not be well to have prayers said by the passengers and the crew? It seems to me that we are in grave peril."

"I can't take my men away from their work at a time like this to listen to prayers," said the captain. "Besides, you will notice that they are swearing, and as long as they swear we are in no danger."

The minister went back to his cabin, and came out in a short time to note that the storm had not abated, and that the men were still

using strong language. He returned inside and said to his wife:

"Thank God, the sailors are still swearing!"

NO NAVIGATION THERE

Some years ago the people of the United States were greatly worked up over the ill treatment of the Armenians by the Turks, and many Americans favored intervention by the American government.

One of the friends of the Armenians, whose zeal in their cause exceeded her knowledge of geography, called on the late A. A. Adee, then assistant secretary of state, and demanded excitedly that the United States Navy be sent to Armenia to protect the poor people.

"Madam," said Mr. Adee, "I am afraid that it cannot be done."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because navigation has not been good in that part of the world since Noah made the ark light on Mount Ararat," said the statesman.

'ARD-'EARTED

It was in the old days in the British Navy, when boys of tender years were sent aboard ship to serve as midshipmen. One very little fellow was overcome by homesickness, and was

sobbing bitterly. Near him was an old tar, who said:

"'Ere, 'ere, you mustn't cry aboard one of 'Is Majesty's ships. Did your mother cry when you left home?"

"Yes, she did," said the lad.

"Stupid old woman!" said the sailor. "And did your sisters cry?"

"They did," answered the boy.

"Silly young girls! And did your father cry?"

"No."

"'Ard-'earted old beggar!"

SPEAKERS AND SPEAKING

MEMORY

Lord Rosebery, the famous English statesman, was asked once to give a definition of "Memory."

He said:

"Memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

CONVENIENT MEMORY

An after-dinner speaker was telling of his experiences in various parts of the world, and

was drawing the long bow until it almost broke under the strain.

One of the hearers expressed his disbelief to another. "Seems to me," said he to his neighbor, "he's telling about things that never happened."

"Oh, I know the man," said the other fellow. "He has a very strong creative memory."

HARD TO BELIEVE

At a dinner a speaker was telling the company about some of his experiences in various parts of the world, and he related some pretty "tall" tales. After he had finished, it occurred to him that perhaps he had gone a little too far, so he turned to his neighbor and said:

"You didn't seem to believe that last story of mine?"

"Oh, yes," said the other man, who was very polite. "I believed it because you told it; but I shouldn't have believed it if it had happened to me."

THE NOBLE OYSTER

An intolerable bore, in company, was giving his views on the characteristics of many members of the animal kingdom. He told why, in his opinion, certain animals were better than

others, and he spoke at great length on the qualities of each.

"Nevertheless," said one of his hearers, "I believe that the oyster is the noblest animal in the world."

"Why the oyster?" asked the bore.

"Because he knows enough to shut up at the proper time."

NO SPEECH COMING

When a prominent English newspaper publisher visited New York, a public dinner was tendered to him. He was called on to speak, and said:

"I did not expect to be called upon to speak tonight. Indeed, on my way to this hotel, I said to myself: Well, at any rate, this evening I am going to be like Daniel as he entered the lions' den and said to himself, 'I am not going to be the one to do the after-dinner talking on this occasion.'"

HE KNEW HIS MAN

Two prominent Englishmen were dining with friends, and one of them offended the other by falling asleep while his friend was telling one of his favorite stories. When the sleeper awoke the other reproached him for falling

asleep. "I wasn't asleep," said the other, "I only had my eyes closed. I heard distinctly every word you said."

"I'll bet you were asleep," said the offended man, "and that you can't repeat what I said."

"I'll take that bet," said the drowsy one. And to prove that he had not been asleep he repeated word for word the story that the other man had told. "You win," said the story teller, and he paid over the money.

Then the other man said: "I really was asleep and didn't hear a word of your story. But I know that at this time in the evening you always tell the same story."

TOO LONG-WINDED

In the Senate, which is noted for its long-winded speakers, one of the members wished to talk on a certain measure, but the time belonged to another senator. The former asked the other man to share the time with him, and the second senator courteously assented.

However, the first senator talked on and on and on. He took up far more time than he should, and the man whose time he was taking became impatient. Finally he arose and asked for recognition by the Vice President.

The senator who was speaking stopped, and

turned reproachfully to the other man. He said:

"Why, the Senator from Massachusetts agreed to divide his time with me!"

"Yes, but he did not agree to divide eternity with you!" said the other Senator.

SPORTS

NOTHING LOST

A young man was to take his sweetheart to a baseball game, and waited a long time for her to get ready—so long, in fact, that they reached the ball park during the fifth inning. As they sat down, the young man said to another man, seated near him, "What's the score?"

"Nothing to nothing," said the other fellow.

The girl overheard the answer. "Oh, good!" she exclaimed. "Then we haven't missed anything!"

MUST HAVE BEEN A ONE-SIDED GAME

After having had a little experience in selling papers, a newsboy in one of our big cities found that he could sell more by yelling out sensational news. From others longer in the business he learned to call everything "horrible." "Here you are, paper! Read all about

the horrible murder, or the horrible suicide, or the horrible accident!" he yelled, and it brought him many sales.

One evening, however, it happened that there was nothing especially "horrible" to yell about —no murder, no suicide, no big accident. So he took a glance at the headlines of his papers, and got an idea.

"Here you are!" he yelled. "Read all about the horrible football game!"

STAGE

GOOD AT FIGURES

A friend visited a theatrical manager in his office, and asked, "Busy?"

"Very busy this morning," said the manager. "I've just hired ten chorus girls in five minutes."

"Gosh!" said the friend. "You surely are quick at figures!"

STOPPED THE SHOW

A famous actor was annoyed one day by the continuous crying of a child in the gallery, while he was trying to present a tragic part. He had the curtain rung down, and then stepped in front of it and said to the audience:

"Unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on!"

TOO REAL FOR HER

As a theater was being locked up for the night, the manager said to one of the ushers:

"Say, what was that noise in the gallery during the third act?"

"It was the star's laundrywoman," said the usher. "You know, he's supposed to be dying in that last scene. She thought it was real, and she fainted."

PAID FOR HIS OPINION

A famous critic was asked his opinion of a new four-act play which had been, in the language of Broadway, a "flop." He replied:

"After the first act, the audience sat quiet and I applauded. After the second act, the audience hissed, and I sat quiet. And after the third act I went out to the box office, and bought a ticket, and joined the rest of the audience in hissing."

NOT FOR TEN DOLLARS A WEEK

Edwin Booth once had in his company an actor who was only good enough for small

parts—and even those he did not present very well. In one play the man had to speak only one line. It was, "My lord, the enemy is upon us!"

Booth took him to task for his manner of speaking. "Put more fire into it!" he said. "Say it like this!" And he rolled out the words in his magnificent voice and manner.

"Mr. Booth," said the actor, "if I could say it like that, I wouldn't be working for ten dollars a week."

NOT SURPRISED

Everyone within seeing or hearing distance of New York's "Great White Way" has aspirations to write a play or appear in one, so a famous manager, dining in a Broadway restaurant, was not astonished when his waiter said to him:

"Excuse me, Mr. Julian, but I'd like to remind you that I sang in the chorus of one of your plays, once."

"Is that so?" said the manager, mildly interested.

"Yes," said the waiter. "Aren't you surprised to find me here, a waiter?"

"No," said the manager; "I remember hearing you sing."

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Otis Skinner, the famous actor, told of a performance of one of his plays at which there was present a delegation of young women from a fashionable school. Throughout the play they giggled and chattered so much that it was difficult for Mr. Skinner and the members of his cast to get through their lines.

After the performance the girls were taken back of the stage to meet Mr. Skinner. They gushed over him, and one of them said:

"Oh, Mr. Skinner, we enjoyed the play so much! But do you know, there must be something wrong with the acoustics of this theater. There were times when we could hardly hear you."

"That is strange," replied the actor. "I found not the least difficulty in hearing you."

PRESENCE OF MIND

In the old days of the touring stock companies, there was a young actress who prided herself on her piano playing, but who had no opportunity of displaying her ability, because her part in the play did not call for music. The play was a Western melodramatic thriller, with cowboys and stage robbers and Indians. In one act the Indians raided the home of a set-

tler and burned it. One day the young woman saw her opportunity to introduce her piano playing, and induced the manager to let her put it on.

The curtain rose on the ruins of the little Western home, all in ashes after the Indian raid. But in one corner stood a piano, with a scarf draped over its top. Enter the heroine, in her neat cowgirl costume.

"Oh," she said, "my poor home! All burned down! My poor father and mother, left homeless in their old age! But I see that the bloodthirsty redskins have left my piano. So, with your kind permission, I will sit down and play for you a few popular songs."

CONFESSION, NOT A SPEECH

Years ago there was a famous actor who had in his traveling company an actor who was good for very small parts only, but who thought he had it in him to become a leading man.

One day he came to the head of the company and said:

"Mr. Booth, I have a line to speak in the first act, and one in the second act, but none in the third. Couldn't you help me by giving me something to say in the third act also?"

The star thought for a moment. "Let me

see," he said, "you come on with a dish in the banquet scene in the third act, don't you?"

"Yes," said the actor.

"Well, I will give you a line. As you enter you may say, 'Here is a ham.'"

"Oh, thank you, thank you so much, Mr. Booth! And do I bring in a ham?"

"No," said Booth, "you do not. That will not be a speech; it will be a confession."

TRAMPS

WILLING

A tramp applied at the back door of a farm house and asked for help.

"Madam," he said to the farmer's wife, "would you help a poor man out of his troubles?"

"Certainly," said she. "Would you rather be shot or hit with an ax?"

A DISTINCTION IN WORDS

An Englishwoman was at luncheon, when the back door bell rang. "Go see who it is, Mary," said the woman.

The servant came back in a few moments.

"Please, ma'am there's a poor man at the door."

"Well, what does he want?"

"Well, ma'am, he *wants* a bath, but he's asking for something to eat."

SURE EVIDENCE

When a tramp called at the back door of a house in a small town and asked for something to eat, he was met with such a tongue lashing that he retreated toward the gate immediately. The woman wound up her remarks by saying, "You get right away from here, or I'll call my husband!"

"No, you won't," said the tramp, "because your husband ain't home."

"How do you know my husband ain't home?" she asked.

"Because when a man has a wife with a tongue like yours, he's home only at meal times," said the tramp, as he went over the fence.

AS A MAN AND A BROTHER

At the back door of a house there appeared a tramp one day, asking for something to eat. The man of the house was a narrow-minded individual whose charitable horizon took in only members of his own faith. He said to the tramp:

"Are you a member of the church?"

"Not now, but I used to go to church."

"Do you know the Lord's Prayer?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember it."

"Well, will you say it after me if I give you a slice of bread?"

"Sure," said the tramp.

The householder began cutting the bread, and saying, "Our Father."

The tramp interrupted him with, "Say, does that mean my Father and your Father?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that makes us brothers. Suppose you cut that bread thicker and quicker!"

PRECAUTIONS

A tramp came to the back door of a house in the country, and asked the woman of the house:

"Have you got any wood you want chopped, ma'am?"

"No," she said.

"Any fences to be whitewashed?"

"No."

"Any garden walks to be fixed, or any other work to be done about the place?"

"No," she answered, "not a thing."

"Well, then, maybe you can spare me a bite to eat," said the tramp.

TRAVELING

BOTH ENDS STOPPED

A fussy woman was traveling on a railroad train and wanted to get off at a platform which was very long. She thought that she could save some steps, and said to the conductor:

"Conductor, at which end of the car do I get off?"

The conductor answered:

"Either one, madam. Both ends stop."

THE OUTSTRETCHED PALM

"So you're going to Europe?" asked one American of another.

"Yes, this Summer."

"Have you figured out how much it will cost?"

"Yes—and I've got enough money saved for the tips. When I get enough for traveling expenses, I'm going to start."

MORE SYNONYMOUS

Like all returned travelers, an American woman back from her first trip abroad liked to talk about her experiences. She was especially enthusiastic about the Swiss lakes.

"We just loved Lake Geneva and Lake Leman!" she said.

"But, madam," said one of her hearers, "Lake Geneva and Lake Leman are synonymous."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I know; but Lake Leman is much more synonymous than Lake Geneva!"

DIDN'T BELIEVE IT

Years ago there was an old man who lived at the edge of the Grand Canyon, and who used to tell tourists that he had dug out the big cleft in the ground, and had wheeled away the dirt in a wheelbarrow. He told the tale once to a young girl from the East.

"I don't believe it!" she said, indignantly.

"Why don't you believe it?" he asked.

"Well, you might have dug it out, as you say, and wheeled the dirt away in a wheelbarrow—but what did you do with the dirt?"

"NO TRUST"

The clerk in a hotel in a small city was at his desk, when a traveler entered. In one hand he carried a hand bag, and there was a heavy rope coiled around his arm.

"What's the idea of the rope?" asked the clerk.

"Well, you see," the traveler explained, "not long ago I was a guest in a hotel, and it

caught fire. There was no fire escape, and I had a narrow escape in getting down by the staircase. Since that time I always carry this rope with me, to get down from my window in case of fire."

"I see," said the clerk; "that's a very good idea. But in this hotel the rule is that guests with their own fire escapes always pay in advance."

A SURE BET

On a steamer coming from Europe was a gullible traveler who fell victim to a couple of gamblers. He was easy, and they induced him to bet on all sorts of things, winning most of his money.

It was not until the boat was almost in sight of New York that it dawned on him that he had been swindled. Then he said to the two sharpers:

"I've got only twenty dollars left, and I'll bet that much with you if you let me name the bet."

Thinking that they had got all they could out of him, the two consented. Then he said:

"I'll bet you that I can yell louder than the ship's whistle. I know that I'll lose, but at least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you can't fix the whistle!"

TRAVELER'S TALES

Two men found themselves seatmates on a train. One of them was a very quiet chap, while the other had a good opinion of himself, and was soon telling his companion about his wonderful adventures in many parts of the world.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I've explored many countries, and I've hunted polar bear in the Arctic, and I've tracked the lion to his lair in Africa and shot hippopotamuses on the Nile. And I'd like to give you one piece of advice—if you ever hunt big game, always watch their tails. You can always tell by the twitching of the tail whether the animal is going to attack you or not."

The other man seemed much impressed by the advice, and thanked the big game hunter. When they reached their destination, they found that they were to put up at the same hotel. The big game hunter registered first. Then the quiet man took the pen and signed his name, "Henry M. Stanley."

A USELESS "TIP"

A train was just about to start from the Pennsylvania station in New York. On the back platform there was a colored Pullman

porter. A fussy old white man got on and said to the porter:

"George, I'm going to St. Louis on this train. I want to be well taken care of."

"But, boss—" said the negro.

"Never mind the 'buts.' I want you to give me your best attention. Take care of me yourself; keep the other boys away from me. If there's anyone in my car that snores, I want you to see that he stops it. And——"

Again the negro porter said, "But, boss," and again the white man said: "No 'buts,' no 'buts.' Here's a five-dollar bill for you, and if you treat me right there'll be another five for you at the end of the trip."

The train began to move. The porter pocketed the five, jumped off and said:

"Sorry, boss, but I'm not going on this train."

HIS WAY OF TRAVELING

There was a party of young men on a railroad train, on their way home from a football game. Shortly after they boarded the train, one of them took out his ticket, stuck it into his hatband, and fell asleep. One of the others took the ticket and put it into his own pocket.

In a short time the conductor entered the car and began calling out, "All tickets!" That

woke the young man up, and he reached up for his ticket. Not finding it in his hatband, he began to fumble through his pockets. "Say, fellows," he said, "I've lost my ticket."

"You can't get away with that in this State," said the joker. "There's a jail penalty here for anyone caught trying to beat his way on a train."

"Gosh! What'll I do?" asked the other fellow.

"Quick, get under the seat!" said the joker, and the poor victim did so. When the conductor came, the joker handed him six tickets. The conductor counted them, and said:

"You've given six tickets, but there are only five of you."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the joker, "there are six of us, but the other fellow prefers riding under the seat."

THE WORST WAS OVER

Years ago there was a short stretch of railroad in New England which was known for its poor service. Its trains were always late, the cars were never cleaned, and the employees were discourteous.

After an uncomfortable ride of a few miles on this railroad, a passenger alighted at the

terminus, shook the cinders off his clothing, and said to the conductor:

"Well, thank Heaven, the worst part of my journey is over!"

"Is that so?" said the conductor. "How far are you traveling?"

"To San Francisco," said the traveler.

WORRY

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT

An Irishman was standing on a street corner. He seemed to be deeply absorbed in thought. A friend passed, and asked:

"Pat, what are you thinking about so deeply?"

"Sure, I was just thinkin' I'd like to know the place where I'm goin' to be buried."

"What good would it do you to know that?"

"I'm thinkin' that if I knew where it was I'd never go near the place."

THANKFUL

There was an old woman in a poorhouse who was a very cheerful soul. She never seemed to worry or fret about anything, although she was very old, and had lost all her relatives and friends, and was the drudge of

the place. In fact, she went about crooning cheerful songs to herself.

One day someone asked her:

"How is it, aunty, that you never worry? Surely, you haven't so much to be cheerful about? Tell us what you have to be happy over."

"Well," the old woman replied, "I got two teeth left, and they hit!"